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. Granada Alhambra. Peinador de la Reina y Generalife.

My Real Castles in Spain

BY

BLANCHE FROST

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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To
MY MOTHER AND FATHER
January, 1909

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Granada Alhambra. Peinador de la Reina y Generalife - Frontispiece

Gibraltar. The Rock from Spanish Shore - - Chap. iii.

Vista General del Tajo Ronda - - - - - Chap. iv.

Alhambra, Ajimez de la Cautiva Isabel de Solis. Granada - - - - - - - - - Chap. v. Part 1

Señán y González Fotografos. Alhambra - Chap. v. Part 2

Sevilla. La Giralda - - - - - - - Chap. vi.

Toledo. Puerto Del Sol - - - - - - Chap. vii.

Madrid. Calle De Alcalá - - - - - - Chap. viii.

Avila. Claustro Descubierto de Santo Tomás - Chap. ix.

Monasterio Del Escorial - - - - - - Chap. ix.

Segovia Alcázar - - - - - - - - - Chap. ix.

Cordoba. La Mezquita - - - - - - - Chap. x.

Gibraltar. The Market - - - - - - Chap. xii.

My Real Castles in Spain.

CHAPTER I.

"BON VOYAGE."

The thirteenth day of March, 1907, was a busy day for me. There seemed a thousand and one things to do, and which to do first was a conundrum that many a girl, who on the morrow is to face in reality one of the dreams of her life, finds it hard to answer.

Yes, the wish that I might some day go abroad was actually coming true. I was going, and all the fairy castles I had built for years were to become realities, for I was going to SPAIN.

"Fair land of chivalry, the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain."

The Alhambra and the great mosque at Cordova were no longer to be the visions of my imaginative brain, but I was going to see them with my own eyes, touch them with my own hands, and above all else, I was going to be eleven days on the Atlantic, and to a girl who loves the water, that alone is enough to turn her head and make her forget her letter of credit.

My room was littered with steamer trunks, steamer rugs, guide books, kodaks, wall-pockets, shoe wraps, thick clothes for the steamer, and filmy waists for "Sunny Spain," (I didn't know Segovia then), high shoes and low shoes, handkerchiefs, bottles and boxes. Mother and Peggie, (my chum), did most of my packing, for they didn't want the dear child to get too tired, as it might cause her to miss some of the pleasures of her sea-trip. By bed-time all was ready, except to lock the trunks and put the keys—oh where? I hate keys, and I tell you what, before I landed on "terra cotta," (as the colored gentleman says), I experienced a dozen nervous prostrations racking my brains to think where they were.

After a good talk with father, mother and Peggie, for, you see, I was going to leave them and go with some kind friends who are good enough to want to put up with me, (I will tell you about them later), I went to bed, but not to sleep. No, for when the clock struck the second hour of the eventful day, my eyes were wide open and my grey matter all astir. Finally, I boarded the last car of the last train for dreamland, and the sights I saw from my window were worthy of note.

The Alhambra was gracefully swaying in the Atlantic, covered with shoes, petticoats, Baedeckers, Teddy Bears, (I had an inkling

that I would be presented with one before I sailed), bottles of witch-hazel, rats climbing out of the windows, and a huge electric sign covering the entire side of the Torre de Comares, which flashed in the darkness, reading "J. P. Morgan & Co., New York"; (on the opposite shore of the Hudson from our apartment on Riverside Drive was an electric sign advertising Pearline). The fact of not losing sight of my letter of credit (on J. P. Morgan & Co.) had been instilled so clearly on my mind by my cautious daddy, bless his heart, that a month before sailing I would jump in my sleep, wondering where the old thing was.

After a few hours of sleep, such as it was, I opened my eyes, looked at the clock, and giving a whoop, bounced out of bed, pulled up the shades and what do you suppose I saw—NOTHING, for a dense fog had calmly settled itself over New York, and a drizzling rain was making itself as disagreeable as it possibly could. The day could not be worse for sailing, but what did I care? I did not have any ostrich plumes in my bonnet to straighten out, and thanks be, my hair curls up when the elements are at their worst.

The steamer was to sail at noon, but we were going aboard about half-past ten, so that I could get settled, and see my friends. When I was ready to go, I took a good look at myself to

see if my skirt hung properly, (I think it did). Girls, when you go abroad, wear a dark blue serge suit, very "tailor maderyfied," a blue hat to match trimmed with coque feathers of the same color, a dark blue silk waist with big white spots on it, a kodak swung over your right shoulder, a letter of credit tucked snugly away, and if you don't feel pretty fine, you never will.

When I look back on that morning before I sailed, I am surprised to see how calm and collected I was. All the excitement for weeks past seemed to disappear, and as we drove down to the wharf, not realizing that "it" was actually coming to pass, we laughed and vied with each other in making puns, (our favorite pastime). But when we swung into the pier and drove through the wall of trunks and baggage, where everything was bustling, people coming and going, cabs rolling in and out again, I began to feel rather funny, and when we stepped out of the cab and walked up the gangway to the "Pannonia," I felt funnier than ever. All the excitement of past days came back with a rush, and I thought "O Betty, are you really going to sea?"

Making our way through the crowd, I spied the Penningtons, with whom I was going, and after a few hurried words, I went to my stateroom to receive my friends, (and presents), and have a final word with my family.

I found my room filled with flowers, fruit, candy, letters, telegrams and a lovely white "Teddy Bear," with a pink ribbon around his neck—from dear old Peg. "Oh, everybody's awfully good to me; I'm just about as spoiled as I can be."

My two brothers and sisters and lots of friends and relatives, came to see me off. Just in the middle of all the fun and excitement, a great, deep whistle blew, the signal for those who were less fortunate than I to scamper ashore. Then, for the first time, I realized that I was going. I never like good-byes, and my collar suddenly got so tight that I nearly choked before it was over. We talked to them from the upper deck, but soon there was a slight tremor, and "She starts! She moves!" Then, amid shouts of "Au revoir" and "Bon Voyage," we steamed slowly down the bay.

CHAPTER II.

AT SEA

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

There were ten in our party, and, with the exception of two little boys and myself, they were all grown-ups; but a jollier, happier crowd would be hard to find. I did not lack chaperones on any occasion except one, and then no one cared where I was, or what I was doing. Yes, I was well guarded, fore and aft, port and starboard—"What could the poor child do?"

When the people, the handkerchiefs and the pier were lost to sight, I scampered to my state-room, hung up my frills, donned my sailor suit, and was soon ready to settle down to "the life on the ocean wave;" and oh, what a glorious life it proved to be.

The huge Goddess mysteriously veiled in grey, the deep warning whistle of the incoming ships as they slowly and cautiously steamed into the harbor, and the faint outline of the Navesink Hills as they faded into nothingness, were all impressive sights to me.

The "thank you" notes came next, and after they were out of the way, (please don't think me ungrateful, but they were a nuisance just then), a bugle sounded announcing luncheon.

Much to my delight, we drew seats at the Captain's table, where I was very comfortably and agreeably seated on the right of, not the Captain, but a very entertaining purser. Mr. and Mrs. Pennington and Pierrepont being on my right, and Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and the Martins just opposite, brought our party within nudging distance, and we had lots of fun, (when the racks were not in use).

My diary states that I ate rather sparingly at that first meal, so I guess it's true, but my present recollection is that I kept the waiter busy; however, I will always let my diary have the floor.

It was not long before we were out on deck breathing the good salt air. I was in the exploring mood, and poked my nose in every corner. I spied some steps leading—I wanted to know where, so I started to find out. At the top, which proved to be the sacred bridge, stood a man in uniform, who said to me, not very gently either, "No one allowed up here, Miss." "Oh, can't I come up?" He only looked at me, but that look brought me back to my steamer chair in less time than I can tell you.

A few days after, while talking to Captain Benison in his sanctum sanctorum, he said, "I hope, Miss Delavan, you will pardon the brusque manner in which I addressed you last Thursday, but I was very much annoyed at that

moment, for, if you remember, we were reposing on a mudflat." You can imagine my surprise when I found it was the Captain whom I had so flippantly answered. Yes, we did get stuck in the mud, and it was only with the assistance of numerous little tugs, that we ever got to "Gib."

Soon the Pilot boat hove in sight, and then our pilot, after turning the ship over to Capt. Benison, stepped off the bridge, and with a bundle of "thanks" tucked under his arm, climbed down the seemingly unsteady ladder, jumped, into the dingy and was rowed to his boat.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, and before I knew it, the bugle gave me to understand that my face, hands and hair needed my attention. So reluctantly I went down to my stateroom, repaired damages, and was ready when the second bugle sounded dinner.

On the way to the dining room, I took a peek outside. All the disagreeableness of the morning had been left behind, and I saw my FIRST SUNSET AT SEA.

Only four of our party appeared at dinner. I had a faint idea where the rest might be found, and I knocked on wood.

A short promenade with Mr. Hanson followed my demi-tasse, and then, after some "good nights" through the key-hole, I started for bed.

Although Mr. Hanson hails from that grey city of Pennsylvania, still he is anything but slow and just lots of fun. His sharp eyes mark him at once a clever business man. He is versed in current events, is even tempered, sees the funny side of things, and proved to be an A1 pal.

While promenading, we passed my stateroom. Of course I had forgotten to turn off the electric light, and, as the port was open, we looked in. There sat Teddy, enthroned amid a bower of roses and carnations, with his head cocked on one side and a very pleasing look on his face, which broadened into a grin about eleven P. M., when a voice at my door said "Marconi," for a friend of mine had forgotten to say "au revoir" to him at the pier.

I must have fallen asleep after the Marconi came, for a blast from the bugle at eight A. M. brought me back to this world with a jump which carried me out of my berth and into a salt water plunge.

Breakfast over, I was ready for a good days' sport, which meant a game of tag with Pierrepont, an unusually clever boy of eight summers. His large head and thoughtful blue eyes, his questions, which set your grey matter working, and the twinkle in his eyes when he catches you, made him a delightful little companion.

Shuffle board is good fun for those who win, but mighty stupid for those whose disk is determined to slide gracefully into "10 off." Consequently, I did not thrill, as did Mrs. Hanson, for she played a very even and winning game. Mrs. Hanson is full of life, and just brimming over with good stories, a delightful companion, a music lover, a nature lover, and—well, I think I will stop, for it is not good form to sing too much the praises of our best friends—in public.

Most of the afternoon we were in our steamer chairs, reading, looking and talking. Oh girls, to be tucked up all "comfy" in a steamer chair, with the sun at your back and the delicious, cool, fresh breeze blowing in your face; to feel sometimes the spray, as the ship plows through the great waves; to see nothing but the blue ocean, and the still bluer canopy over head, with a good friend beside you and a good book in your lap, (for looks), is one of the pleasures in life which I hope you will all enjoy.

Mr. Pennington read aloud for a short time from "Hume's Spanish People."

Mr. Pennington is our clergyman. He is a great student, passionately fond of history, (especially medieval), and though he knows about everything worth knowing, still somehow or other we were not afraid of him. I can recommend him as a splendid guide, with his history and fun combined. We nick-named him Mr. Cook.

About nine o'clock that evening, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Pennington, Pierrepont and I put on our fur coats and started up the steep, straight ladder to the Marconi establishment, and there I saw my message sent home. It was very interesting. The little box was dark as we entered, save for the sparks of electricity which flashed at short intervals, for we were in communication with Cape Sable. A loud report accompanied the sparks, and often, when we were sitting on deck, we would hear the click, click, and knew "ships were speaking each other in passing." It seemed very wonderful to think I was nearly two days out on the ocean, and still they could keep tabs on me.

Although each day repeated itself to a certain extent, still each one brought me new pleasures and experiences, and when "God's Sabbath morning came stealing o'er the waves," I spent one of the loveliest days I can remember. It was a perfect day. The sun shone brightly; the sea was as blue as father's eyes, and the sky was a little speck bluer, I think. Everything seemed to look its best; the decks were extra clean, and the brass shone brighter than usual.

While promenading in the bow after breakfast, I stopped and listened. A bell was tolling the hour of worship. It sounded doubly impressive, coming, as it did, over the water.

Service was held in the dining salon, the Captain reading the English service, and the second officer playing the hymns. A temporary pulpit was erected, draped with an English flag. The officers and sailors sat near the Captain, with the stewards, chefs, and all those employed on the ship in the background.

I enjoyed it very much, but after it was over, I hurried to my stateroom to brush away something that had gotten in my eyes by mistake.

Hearing familiar voices outside my port, I soon joined Mr. and Mrs. Pennington in a constitutional before dinner. Mrs. Pennington was my second mother for seven whole weeks. How did she survive? I don't know, but I do know that when we steamed up to Pier 51, North River, on May 7th, a single grey hair gave me away. Mrs. Pennington is a dear. I know you would like her. She has read everything from Dante's Inferno down to the Incubator Baby; very sympathetic, and worries almost to death if the roses in your cheeks are not quite as red as they were yesterday. As a second mother, I could wish for no better.

After a delightful day, we went down in the dining room, sang some hymns, and then to bed. My diary closes with "wonderful sunset —gulls still following us."

A beautiful starlight night found us out on

deck watching the phosphorus. I had never seen it before, and was very much excited. We stood pretty well up in the bow, just where the nose of our ship pushed the waves aside, there, I believe, the little animals, (for that's what they are), show the best. We studied the stars from Capt. Benison's point of view, who told us all about them, naming and placing the important ones. The moon also, for our special benefit, came from under a cloud, and throwing a path of gold on the water, made a beautiful picture.

Plowing merrily through the water, forgetful of the fact that a hand was on the wheel, and anxious watchful eyes were peering through the darkness, I heard four bells, and then "All's well" rang clearly over the water, and like an echo it was repeated in the opposite direction —"All's well." Yes, all was well with us, and with that thought I fell asleep.

"Good morning, you good people, aren't you coming to breakfast?"

"Run along, you rascal, the ocean looks very pretty this morning from our point of view."

These words were spoken through the keyhole of the Martins' stateroom on the morning following "Black Tuesday." The Martins are our neighbors at home, and in case you couldn't guess where I live, I will tell you.

On the west bank of the Hudson, just opposite Tarrytown, nestling at the foot of the hills, is a little town with an Indian name, Nyack. It is a beautiful little spot and this is my real home.

Dr. Martin is a physician from this town. He is very kind-hearted and sympathetic, with a fine sense of humor and a quiet manner.

Mrs. Martin did not see the funny side of life that morning, and she didn't feel quite as happy as usual. All her "viviciousness," (as the old woman says), had left her, and she was contented to count the roses in the pretty cretonne curtains on her bunk, instead of the number of green seas we shipped. Mrs. Martin is very bright, and full of fun, and is interested in all you do and say.

Tuesday, March 19th, was not the most placid day on record by any means. The sky clouded over in the afternoon and the wind came up. By six o'clock it was blowing a gale, and the sea was pretty high. When I walked in to dinner alone, Capt. Benison looked surprised, and gave me an extra nod and smile, and if I do say it, I felt a little proud.

There was no one to play with that evening, so after seeing that everyone was safe in their bunks, I put on my coat and cap and slipped out on deck, for

AT SEA

"In fact, to speak in earnest,
I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle
With a little dust of harm."

It was a wild night, and as we watched the great black waves sweep over the bow, (who were we? why, only Theodore Bear and myself), and felt "her" tremble as she lay apparently helpless in the trough, and then with a start leap forward on the crest of a wave, I could not help but think that the nearest land was the bottom.

About midnight I awoke with a bang that almost sent me through the port hole. Everything went flying out of place. Bureau drawers jumped right out of their nooks, trunks and suit-cases started from their moorings; my clothes lay strewn all over the floor, and Teddy sat on top of the debris. While trying to get my bearings, a kind friend came pitching in the door and straightened things out a bit. I must admit I was frightened. "The cold, grey dawn of the morning after" brought one by one the unhappy voyagers out on deck, and each one exclaimed—"My, but that was a storm."

"Porpoises! porpoises!" some one cried. Everyone ran to the rail, and there, sure enough, was a whole school of them. What graceful, pretty things they are They kept

pace with us for a long way, and seemed always to go in groups of two. I called them "B's and G's," (brides and grooms). They disappear for a second, and then gracefully jump, (or fly, rather), a few feet out of the water and dive down again. Bossin just loved to watch them.

Bossin is a dear little three-year-old, speaks French in his baby way, is very affectionate and patient. You just can't help but love him. Aline, Bossin's French nurse, makes the ninth one, and yours truly completes the party. I won't tell you about myself, for if I should you wouldn't like me, and I want you to.

We sighted Cape St. Vincent on Sunday, the twenty-fourth, and what a commotion it caused. Think of Betty gazing at Portugal! Yes, there it was, and there was I looking at it. We took some snaps of the Cape, the signal station and lighthouse. We held a conversation with them by means of flags, you know, and then after running close to shore for three or four hours, we headed out to sea again.

What a barren, rocky coast Portugal has—not a sign of life in any form or shape.

I packed that evening, for the next morning we were due at "Gib," and oh, such packing. The tears almost came when I put Teddy to sleep in my fur coat, for alas, bears are excluded from all Continental hotels. I took

down my things from the peg, shook them and brushed them all ready for the morning. Then I crept into my bunk for the last time on the Pannonia. I was told the minute the engine stopped I would awaken, so I did not put my watch under my pillow, but waited to see what would happen.

CHAPTER III.

"GIB."

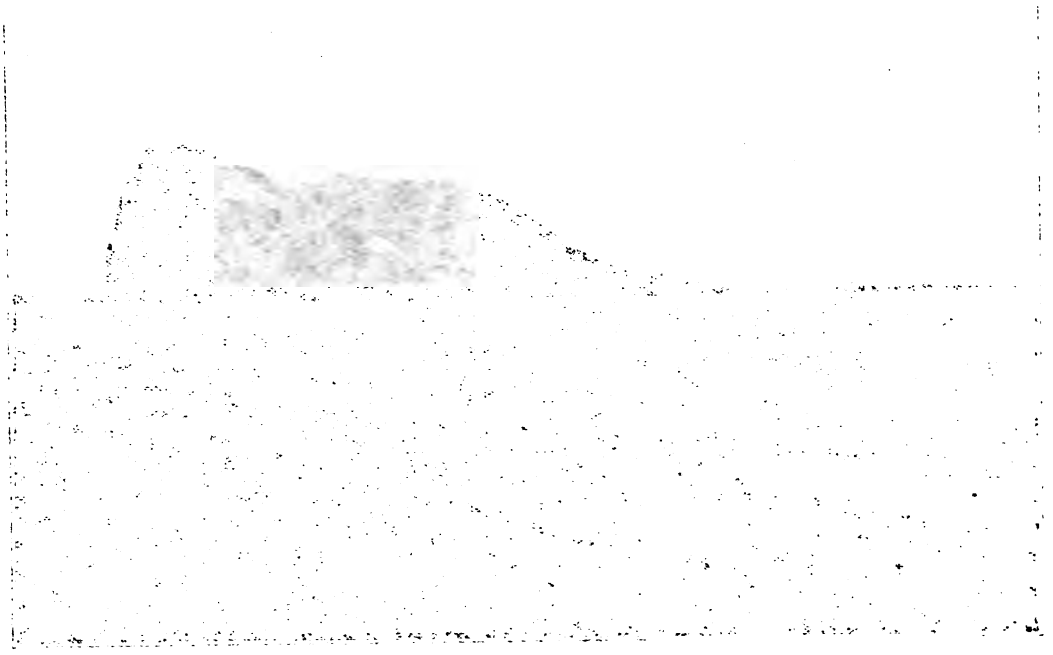
"Good gracious, Betty, do look at that rock. Isn't it the biggest thing you ever saw? Where's the Prudential sign? I wonder if the monkeys are up yet, and where are those dusky Moors?"

Thus I soliloquized, as I looked out of my port at the screech of dawn on Monday, March 25th, for the expected happened, and when the Pannonia cast anchor about five o'clock, I awoke even before the splash came.

A rap on my door and a voice saying, "Are you dressed?" put an end to my wonderings, and I came down from the clouds and into my clothes in a jiffy.

As the first tender was to leave at seven-thirty, the seven o'clock bugle found me all dressed even to my bonnet, my trunks locked and those precious, precious keys nestled safe in my pocket.

Everyone was excited; the stewards were unusually attentive. I wonder why? Trunks were being tagged and hustled down stairs; people were hurrying in to breakfast, fearful lest some one might go ashore without their



Gibraltar The Rock from Spanish Shore

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Gibraltar. The Rock from Spanish Shore.

knowledge. I ran on deck and strained my eyes in vain to see the big insurance sign, the monkeys and the Moors; but the wonderfully fierce grey lion crouching in the water, the city nestling so safely and contentedly under his eyes, the scores of boats, representing nearly every nation under the sun, anchored at his feet, made me forget all the monkeys in the world except one, and I pinched myself to see if it were really I.

We were sent in the second tender, and after a jolly trip, (for the levant was blowing a gale), we set foot on "terra cotta" again. It did seem rather good to have something solid under me, but I was sorry to leave the Pannonia.

After the men had attended to the customs, we walked down the long pier called the Old Mole, constructed early in the 14th century, and through Old Mole Gate. There I am going to stop and tell you what I saw and how I felt.

On my left, enclosed in a high iron fence, was a low one-story building, rather artistic in design, with a sloping roof made of dark red tiles, (a style very frequently seen in Spain). The building, on a mean scale, resembled our bungalows. Mrs. Pennington told me it was a Moorish market. Yes, there were the much-talked-of and long-looked-for Moors, with their quaint costumes, white turbans, bare

legs and yellow sandals. A counter extended on all sides of the shop, and behind this the old Arabs sat or stood, as the case might be, selling chickens, eggs, baskets, and occasionally old Moorish coins. I watched them for a long time, until I became aware that I, too, was a curiosity, and hurried to catch up with the rest.

To the right of this little square was an English market, but that was too modern to hold our attention, for you must remember, girls, we were filled with new thoughts on old things, old cathedrals, old tombs, old ruins, old customs and "any old thing."

Just ahead of us, coming through Waterport Gate, was a donkey, trudging slowly along, his head bobbing up and down, keeping time with his feet. His panniers were filled with vegetables and fruit—a load seemingly fit only for an elephant. Behind him walked a little old shriveled up man, with ragged, dirty clothes and a broad-brimmed hat. He carried a stick in his hand, which was mechanically used every once in so often on the poor little donkey, for the purpose of ineffective rapid transit. Marching across the square with a quick step came a squad of fine English soldiers. Their scarlet uniforms and smart caps made a stunning picture. Hurrying along, looking and listening, was a party of tourists under Mr.

Cook's supervision, and, mingled in the crowd, were numerous bare-legged Moors.

Oh, I tell you, Betty was a stranger in a strange land that morning. Yes indeed, and if I had had the time then to think of Nyack, that little village would have been swarming with donkeys, red coats and Arabs.

Back of this moving picture crouched old "Gib," looking more formidable than ever with his hundred eyes watching and protecting the city. Half-way up his side were the ruins of an old Moorish castle which—but Bossin's red coat was just disappearing around the corner, and I had to run.

We secured rooms at the Hotel Cecil, and after getting our keys, we went straight to the Post Office, sent our letters and cables home, then back to the wharf to say "au revoir" to Dr. and Mrs. Martin, for they were going to Italy. We were sorry to leave them, but alas, the best of friends, etc., etc.; so we made the best of it and started to climb.

For the benefit of those who have not been to Gibraltar and may not have read of it, I want to say that the rock is honey-combed. There are galleries, as they call them, consisting of passages tunnelled through the rock, and, with a soldier as guide, you can go through the lower portion, sometimes called the Union Gallery.

Our guide hurried us on this trip, but on our return to "Gib," a month later, we took our time to a certain extent, and of that experience I am going to tell you.

It was a beautiful, clear day, quite warm, if I remember rightly. We walked up Waterport Street to Bell Lane, and then turned to our left and climbed up—yes, hundreds of stone steps leading to the Artillery Barracks. I remember now distinctly that it was a warm day.

After registering at the Barracks, a soldier took the lead and we followed, winding around the hill until we came to the lion's mouth. There I put on my coat, for the guide said it would be damp inside. It was a steep, dark climb, but every now and then we came to one of the big eyes, and there we rested and looked. "Buttons" told us a great many historical facts, which my diary very carelessly fails to relate, but what would be the use of a neighbor's diary if one couldn't make use of it once in a while?

These passages were built during the Great Siege of 1782, when

> Gib's fiery eyes and thunderous roar
> Hustled those home who came to war.

At the last embrasure we carefully and cautiously crawled out and stood on a little ledge

of rock. My, what a slice of God's earth stretched out before us. On our left was the Mediterranean, looking like an enormous sapphire sparkling in the sunshine; lying at our feet, the neutral ground connecting Spanish and English territory, Gibraltar Bay, or harbor, swarming with all manner of crafts, and Spain and her mountains in the distance.

While I was trying to draw this picture on my memory, I heard a strain of music, very faintly at first, then louder, then lost all together. We stepped back in the embrassure and using one of "Gib's" eyelids as a hood, heard every note of the Spanish Royal March. It made more of an impression on me there than in the great square of the Palace of Madrid.

A succession of jumps and skips landed us in Waterport Street, and then a few dignified steps brought us to the Hotel Grand. It was a great trip.

While getting our trunks unlocked before dinner, the loudest, longest, snappiest roll of a drum I had ever heard brought every newcomer's head to the window, and by that time there were twenty bugles and four drums playing for all they were worth. I felt like old Bill Simmons when he said, "Mister, let me tell you when the music starts, I can't keep still. Got a feelin' in my feet just like St. Vitus' dance, altho'

it's against my will." It was thrilling to the extreme. I called to the Penningtons next door, and asked what it all meant. "I guess they're going to lock the gates," came the answer through the wall.

While at dinner we heard them coming back, and my chicken almost flew to the window with me in my frantic effort to see them. "Here they come," I shouted, and twenty-four scarlet coats came up the narrow street with a quick swinging step, keeping perfect time with the most perfect band in existence. Blending with the sombre tint of the street, houses and natives, they made a picture fit for an old master.

"Who is that man in a blue uniform, carrying a bunch of keys in his hand?" I cried. "He is the Officer of the Day," Mrs. Pennington shouted back.

We watched them, keeping time with our feet, until they were out of sight and hearing, then discussed them over the tea-cups. It is a very quaint and impressive custom, I think. Every evening at sunset the Officer of the Day is escorted by the band to the different gates of the City, and after locking them, carries the keys to the Governor for the night.

I enjoyed Gibraltar very much, for with the exception of Quebec, it was the first real foreign city I had visited. It is said to be one of the most curious and cosmopolitan cities in

existence, nearly every nation under the sun being represented there some time during the day.

My diary says, "Good night, 'Gib'; to-morrow I leave you for a sunnier land and to claim my vast estates."

CHAPTER IV.

RONDA.

My first Continental breakfast, and I mastered it like an old veteran. During the thrilling performance, however, a few words of warning and counsel from across the sea seemed to stray into my head, such as "My child, there will be lots of things you will have to eat in Spain that are not quite to your liking." (I am thought a little pernickety at home.) And often when I was smacking my lips over chicory flavored and weakened with goat's milk, and putting my lower maxillary out of commission with a crust of bread, (a genuine Spanish breakfast), I would think how hugely the "at homes" would have enjoyed the joke.

At eight o'clock we took the "Aline," a little steamer, at Old Mole, and with a longing look toward Tangiers, where we intended going but for the levant, which didn't see things in the same light, we backed slowly out into the stream and then headed straight for Algeciras. It was a "jolly choppy" trip, and as we plowed along we only touched the high places.

In the distance, heading out to sea and

Vista General del Tajo Ronda.

America, was the huge Kaiser Wilhelm II., her flags flying, and, I presume, her band playing. All she left us as a souvenir was a streak of black smoke. "Gib" claimed most of our attention, however, for he appeared more formidable than ever, with an air of "I'm monarch of all I survey."

Before we knew, or were ready for it, "Aline" bumped her nose against the dock, and gathering ourselves and our belongings together, we stepped on—yes, are you excited? That's it—SPAIN. "Spain, the land of mountains and mules, Moors and mosques, monks and Murillos."

Algeciras, dressed all in dazzling white, sitting close beside the blue water that sparkled and danced in the sunshine, made a very attractive picture. But it was not quite mouldy enough to claim our undivided attention.

Our couriers ran ahead to see about the luggage, while we were sent to secure a compartment. Perhaps you know, and perhaps you don't, that a compartment holds just eight people. I didn't, but then I was a freshman. Well, the best we could find was one occupied by a Spanish gentleman, who almost tumbled out one door as suit-cases, bags, umbrellas, kodaks and eight Americans scrambled in the other. He managed to contain himself until we puffed into San Roque, the first station from Alge-

ciras, where, with really a very pleasant smile and nod, (for we weren't as savage as he at first thought), he disentangled himself from our belongings and left us to ourselves. Those compartments are the queerest and jolliest cars to travel in, when you are fortunate enough to have eight in your party, and can find an empty one.

The railroad ride from Algeciras to Ronda was most beautiful. Our funny little engine crept slowly but surely up the winding track through groves of olive, cork and orange trees, past quaint little whitewashed and thatched roofed settlements, where children and donkeys abound. Up and up through the great gorges of the Sierras, into tunnels and out again, where each time a grander view would burst upon us, and where each time we would nearly burst with OH's and AH's.

We reached Ronda at noon with good appetites and spirits. Four of us walked to the hotel. Well, girls, talk about weird and fascinating, attractive and queer, grand and simple, bumpy and smooth; you've got them all in Ronda. My eyes nearly popped out while walking over from the station. The narrow cobblestone streets; the low two-story houses, painted in the delicate pastel shades, (I must tell you right here that the women whitewash their houses every Saturday); the goats running wild

through the streets; donkeys everywhere you looked, and natives staring and gabbling to you, were a few of the things that made me stub my toe more than once before we got to our destination.

The Hotel Royal faced the Alameda, or public park. It was clean, comfortable and extremely foreign, with food apropos of surroundings After removing all trace of English and American dust from our clothes, for we were now Señors, Señoras and Señoritas, we sat down to a Spanish luncheon, and it was scrumptuous, to say the least. I did not crave any pity from America.

Four solid hours that afternoon we tramped through those streets and over those stones, and a funnier, "tireder" crowd would have been hard to find. Sitting on the grass beside a donkey path, we rested, gazed on nature, and Mr. Pennington, as he, paying no attention to things so immaterial, scrambled down as far as he could, to have a little better view of the bridge and the imposing Tajo (gorge) of the Guadelavin.

All the history I ever knew flew to the winds, and I thought meditation on my sole was more to the point. But as the sun was getting low, we gathered ourselves together, and with grunts and groans started up the steep path with the rest of the donkeys.

We visited first that afternoon the Plaza de Toros (the Bull Ring). It was very interesting, because everything about it seemed to breathe of the year One, even the old, ragged and queer woman who escorted us through. You all know what a bull ring is like, so I won't stop to tell you. The Señora showed us where the grandees sat, where the bulls were kept prior to the fight, and where the poor horses were dragged out, and thrown over the cliffs into the valley below, to be devoured by the birds of prey. After buying some banderillos and getting rid of a few pesetas, we strolled on up the street, Pierrepont ahead on a donkey.

There are two towns in Ronda—the old and the new. The Hotel Royal is in the new town, and I must say that this time the modern came first in my estimation.

We crossed the Puente Nuevo, a bridge of one span, built in 1761, and standing there, looking over and down, we had a fine view of the ravine and river. The rocks were wonderful, but I didn't see anything especially "fierce or turbulent" about the water. A few old mills could be seen on the west bank, but I strained my eyes in vain to see the boiling, seething rapids and cascades, which Mr. Baedecker says he enjoyed so much.

Then crossing to the old town, we poked around, not spending very much time at any

one place, for, if I remember rightly, it was anything but clean.

We visited the Mina, a steep, spiral, iron way leading down to the river. It was originally under ground and consisted of three hundred and sixty-five steps, hewn out of the rock by the Moors to protect them from a water famine, in case of a Christian siege.

We saw everything of interest in the old town, but the street scenes of to-day impressed me most of all. The absolute foreignness, the customs of the early ages still in vogue, the utter disregard of advancement in every line, fascinated me more than the work of the old Moors and Romans. But the sun was getting low, and we hobbled back over "those stones" to the Alameda, and watched Apollo drive his chariot into the land of dreams. If I had all the time and space I wanted, I could tell you lots more about this little old town, for

I love to con at evening,
  O'er my memory book of Spain,
And I find I oft will linger,
  In Ronda, quaint and plain.

CHAPTER V.

Part I.

GRANADA.

"The young man's vision, the old man's dream,
Granada, by its winding stream,
The City of the Moor."

The 27th day of March dawned bright and clear, and not one bit too soon either, for all night I had been walking in dreams without shoes or stockings, over pointed, jagged rocks as big as a house, and I was glad to exchange the trip for the flowery path that leads to Granada.

At nine-thirty A. M. the "First Century Limited" crawled into Ronda. The Spanish gendarmes in long, dark blue cloaks, and three-cornered caps, thrust their guns over their shoulders, and with a look of importance and suspicion, paraded up and down the platform.

We climbed into a compartment, this time occupied by an English woman, who proved to be as queer as anything we had struck. She was evidently inclined toward the literary, judging from the specks on the end of her nose, the slant of her bonnet, the manuscript in her hand, and oh, yes, that awful look when I asked if it wasn't nearly time to eat. Bossin and

Señán y González Fotografos. Alhambra.

Pierrepont combined didn't make half the noise I did when she left us, for in that case Uncle Sam and John Bull clashed.

A delightful railroad ride of six hours took us through a beautiful and picturesque country. On a distant hill was a shepherd, with crook and dog, watching his flock; in a field, that seemed to stretch to the horizon, was a peasant driving his oxen before the plow; towers of an old ruined castle were silhouetted against the sky; groves of orange trees, all in blossom, sweetened the air, and old Roman ruins lay desolate among bare, grey crags. As we neared Granada we saw the snow-capped Sierras that I had so often studied on my Spanish map, and once more I pinched myself, but there was no mistake about it—I was Betty.

The train slowed up, and we were pushed into a diligence drawn by mules, and at the crack of the whip were whisked up the street, through the Puerta Real, up a narrow alley, and before we knew it were at the entrance of the Alhambra Park. Standing there to greet us was the "King of the Gypsies," dressed in green velvet knickerbockers and jacket, white blouse, bright red silk scarf draped artistically about his waist, and a large black velvet picture hat. Gallant was no name for him, and he acted as though he owned the whole of Granada and everyone in it.

But I quickly left off gazing at him, for we were now driving through the triumphal arch erected by Charles V. It was very imposing. Over the top were the Arms of His Majesty, and three open pomegranates—the Arms of Granada. Now we were inside the park, and oh girls, it was a dream. In front of us was an old marble fountain, perhaps the very one to which Washington Irving's Pedro Gil brought his faithful little donkey, many times a day, laden with water-jugs, and filling them, trudged back to the city crying in a nasal tone: "Agua—a! Agua—a!"

There were three driveways diverging from the entrance. We took the central one. These roads, which were as fine as any of our state roads, lay in a beautifully wooded ravine, and wound gracefully up the hill to the hotels and palace. The tall, stately elms on either side, whose branches seemed to meet almost in the sky, were brought by the Duke of Wellington from England in 1812. The chatter of running brooks, as they made their way over the rocks and down the hill, was heard even above the carriage wheels. This was the beginning of fairyland, and a lovelier place for the little elves to hold court in would be hard to find.

We arrived at the pension in time to get straightened out before dinner. From the balcony adjoining my room I could see, on

the opposite hill, the white tower of the Generalife, the summer palace of the Moorish Kings. On the sunny slope were vineyards and fruit groves, and in the background were the great white-tipped mountains.

A good dinner made us feel bright, jolly and rosy, after which some home letters were written, and then with blankets piled high, for it was cold, I took an express, scheduled to arrive at the dining-room at eight-thirty A. M., but even expresses in Spain are slow, and so it was nearly an hour later when I made my appearance at breakfast—and no one looked surprised.

With kodaks and sweaters swung over our shoulders, and Baedecker tucked away in our pockets, we left for a tramp through the park and down to the Cathedral—like children, leaving the best till the last, for the entrance to the palace was but a stone's throw from our pension.

I was a little disappointed in the exterior of the Alhambra, I must admit. The huge square towers, for that's all one can see, looked like dingy, faded-out, pinkish-yellow, moth-eaten clay. I knew better than to make that statement while there, for I would have been pushed off into the ravine. But I'm quite safe at present, for I am home in America.

The lower town, or Granada proper, is quite a busy and important little city. It is the cap-

ital of the province, and all the peasants, for miles around, make this their business center, coming to market every day, their donkeys burdened with vegetables and fruit.

We made our way through the narrow streets until we finally bumped up against the Cathedral, and as it is almost completely hidden by surrounding buildings, making it impossible for one to receive any idea of the exterior, I will take you right inside.

Just within the big black leather flap, which serves as an inner door, we stopped and looked. Coming in from the warm sunshine and noisy street, it seemed at first dark and damp, and, save for the low chanting of the priests in the Coro, as silent as the grave. Our fun and laughter was hushed to low whispers and I stood spellbound, for that was my first European cathedral.

I have only one objection to make in regard to the Spanish cathedrals, and that is the huge Coro in the center of the nave. It seems a great pity to shut off the vista from the entrance up to the Capilla Mayor, or high altar. If I had lived in those days, perhaps it would not have happened, but I don't much care what they look like, for now at the present moment I am alive, which is far more satisfactory.

We tiptoed around the ambulatory, stopping at each little chapel. The candles burned

sacredly on the altars; the crucifixes hung silently above, and sometimes from the side walls the sweet, sad face of a Madonna looked down upon us all.

A young acolyte came up to us, and speaking a mixture of French and Spanish, asked if we wished to see the cathedral. We quickly attached ourselves and followed him. He pointed out some famous paintings in the chapels, and finally brought us to the Capilla Real, or sepulchre of the "Catholic Kings." A beautiful iron reja (screen) separates the tombs from the rest of the chapel. On a marble platform, and enclosed by a low iron railing, are two alabaster sarcophagi. Upon one lie the effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella, and on the other, Juanna, their daughter, and Phillip, her husband.

These are said to be the finest in the world, and the honor is due to a Florentine named Fanchelli. He also fashioned the tomb of Prince John, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella, which lies in the little church of Santo Tomas at Avila, and which we will see later.

A few steps descend to a vault, where rest the leaden coffins. We had to go down one at a time, and by the light of a candle, which the guide held above his head, we could see them as he, pointing to each, said in a sepulchral tone, "Ferdinand—Isabella

—Phillip—Juanna—El Infante." Think of me in a place like that!

The Retablo in the chapel was very fine also. On either side are the kneeling figures of the "Catholic Kings," which are said to be perfect likenesses. The well-known painting, representing Boabdil's surrender of the key of the Alhambra to Cardinal Mendoza in the presence of "Their Majesties," hangs on the side walls, and above it is the royal standard that was raised when the Moorish flag was pulled down.

Then we were taken into the Sacristy and shown a cabinet containing the relics of Ferdinand and Isabella, namely, the sword of Ferdinand, the sceptre of Seville, the jewel casket of the queen, four banners, two reliquaries, a missal belonging to Isabella, the box to carry it in, gorgeous vestments, and other things I am not smart enough to remember.

Coming out into the main Cathedral again, we heard some music. It was not the organ, but sounded like the soft tremolo of violins. We listened, and soon a procession of priests came slowly down the shadowy aisle, chanting as they walked. The acolyte told us it was a funeral mass. Yes, this was a beautiful Cathedral, but oh, how warm and bright the sun shone on us, as we stepped from under the flap.

The Darro, Granada's winding stream, flows

at the foot of the Alhambra, and divides the fortress from the Albaicin.

This little settlement, built on the side hill, is inhabited entirely by gypsies, real, sure enough gypsies. We drove over one afternoon and found it interesting, though dirty. As we walked our horses up the narrow, bumpy streets, gypsies by the score crowded persistently around us, women and children especially eager to tell our fortunes and sell crazy looking souvenirs. A gendarme walked beside our carriage most of the way, to protect us from any maliciousness on the part of that wandering people. Caves built in the side of the hill, similar to our cemetery vaults, are their dwellings, and queer is no name for them.

We felt fully repaid for our climb when we reached the Sacro Monte, (convent), for the view of the Alhambra, the city, the vega and the Sierras was unsurpassed.

That same afternoon we drove to the other end of Granada, through the Alameda, and out to the Carthusian convent. A very kind priest, rather good looking, too, showed us many curious and interesting things. Among them was a cross so marvellously painted on a side wall, that the birds flying in the open windows often tried to perch on it. It certainly was very illusive. The Sacristy was very handsome, and contained several cedar wood cabinets inlaid

with ivory, mother-of-pearl and silver. We also visited the Convent of San Jeronimo and saw the tomb of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the "Great Captain."

MOONLIGHT IN GRANADA. Doesn't that sound romantic! Doesn't that bring every speck of poetry and sentiment you possess to the front! Well it did in my case, but as I said once before, I was well chaperoned. However, I had more fun playing tag in Alhambra Park with our two Romeos, than I would have had standing behind an iron-barred window, making eyes at a Spanish cavalier. Yes, that's the way they do it in Spain, girls. What do you think of it?

The fairies were all out that night, tripping the light fantastic, but they scampered out of sight when we came running and laughing through the woods.

At the Gate of Justice we stopped, while Mr. Hanson told one of Washington Irving's stories. The fountain bubbled and sparkled in the moonlight, the vermillion towers stood out grotesquely on the hill, and the great elms cast weird shadows around us. It would not have been surprising if Boabdil, in full armor and mounted on a black charger, had suddenly appeared in the archway. That was the kind of a night that makes Granada famous in song and story.

Alhambra. Ajimez de la Cautiva Isabel de Solis. Granada.

CHAPTER V.

Part II.

THE ALHAMBRA.

"Allah il Allah! through its halls,
Whispers the fountain as it falls."

If you stroll down the Calle (street) in front of the Pension Alhambra, and go straight on, past several attractive photograph shops, until you come to the Plaza de los Aljibes (Place of the Cisterns), a beautiful park of old trees and boxwood hedges which separates the Alcazába, or Citadel, from the Palace of Charles V. and the Alhambra; if you walk through this park and turn to your right, passing the imposing facade of that monstrosity erected by his majesty; if you follow the sudden, sharp turn at the end of the walk and descend the cobble-stoned alley, you will approach a small, unpretentious looking doorway, built in a clumsy, unattractive looking edifice. If you step across the threshold you will find yourself in a long corridor, where, basking lazily in the sun, will be several official guides.

They will ask you to register, which you very proudly, although with an "I'm bored air," agree to do. Then you are provided with a guide, who, in the twinkling of an eye, transforms you from a strenuous American citizen to a dreamy, romantic Arab from 1907 back to 1300.

Girls, I have been trying my best to be economical in the use of my adjectives, so that when I came to this wonder I could spin them off by the yard, and make the sentimental shivers go up and down your back. But now I'm lost, for my poor little abbreviated vocabulary has nothing in it that will do. However, if you will do your part and listen attentively, I will endeavor to transport you from your cozy corner in America, to this palace of Sunny Spain, and try to make you see it and love it as I did. "Buttons" took the lead and we followed, filled with excitement and curiosity.

THRILL I. A rectangular court; a pool of water surrounded by well trimmed myrtle hedges and rows of orange trees; a huge square tower; dark red tile roofs; graceful and beautifully carved arches; some choice bits of Moorish workmanship; the outline of a prison wall, and clear blue sky.

This, perhaps, does not sound wildly exciting, or especially artistic. But standing there in that Court of Myrtles, I was thrilled through and through, and if we had not known that the palace offered finer things, we would have been content to remain there, but we quickly followed our guide through a little, narrow passage, and where do you suppose it led us?—why, straight to

THRILL II. The Court of Lions. I felt

the same as when I boarded the Pannonia, only a little more so. There were the twelve lions, with eyeless faces; there was the marvellously beautiful carving; there were the graceful, slender marble columns, with their variegated capitals; the half orange dome in soft pastel shades; the blue, blue sky overhead, and the Andalusian sun shedding its rays in every nook and corner. This court, with its elegance and delicacy, stood out in striking contrast to the large and pompous features of the Court of Myrtles. It truly was a dream of beauty.

THRILL III opened to the south of the Court of Lions, and is called the Hall of the Abencerrages. In this apartment your blood is supposed to curdle. I forgot now how mine acted, but I tried to keep the right expression while "Buttons," pointing to a spot of red on the floor near the fountain, told in an excited manner of the horrible massacre of that noble family. I could not but wonder how often those stains were repainted. This hall is wonderfully carved and decorated, the central point rising to a stalactite dome. Your imagination will not suffice in this instance, girls, for a stalactite dome of Moorish architecture must be seen to be appreciated. After digesting all we could, we were led, as in a dream, through the arcade and into—

THRILL IV. The Hall of Justice. Here, I believe, the Sovereigns dispensed justice. This Hall was long and narrow, and was entered from the Court of Lions by three archways, each divided with marble columns. Alcoves adjoin the Hall on one side, and in one I remember seeing an old Moorish water trough, adorned with inscriptions and reliefs of lions and eagles. I also remember nearly losing my bonnet staring up at some pictures, painted on leather, and nailed to wooden panels. Through another arcade, we, looking at Baedecker, stumbled along until we saw "Mr. Cook" disappear in a doorway. Slam went the little red book, and we were in the midst of

THRILL V. The Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from the two large equal sized slabs of white marble, forming part of the pavement. The experienced red book says: "The decorations of the Alhambra reach their artistic zenith in this room." This green little book says "Ditto." Yes, it was wonderfully beautiful. What a keen, fine sense of the artistic the Arabs must have had! That fact made its impression when I studied, unseen, from the balcony surrounding the Court in the Hotel Grand at Gibraltar, a white turbaned, yellow sandalled Moor of the better class. His features showed marks of refinement and culture, especially the nose with its sensitive and almost delicate nostrils.

I am lost again, for I cannot begin to tell you what this hall contained. The famous "Alhambra Vase," which, by the way, was said to have been found in the palace filled with gold, stood in one corner and received its share of admiration. But our eyes were drawn upward by some natural instinct, and there they stayed, glued to the ceiling, for nothing of the kind has ever, or probably will ever, be seen again. "The vaulting is honeycombed and contains about 5,000 cells, each differing from the other, and yet all combining to form one whole of indescribable beauty." "No human hand could do this, it must be the work of fairies," I said, and I thought of Lowell's little brook, which, hearing a wintry blast,

" . . . . built a roof,
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
* * * * * *
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear,
For the gladness of heaven to shine through and here

He had caught the nodding bulrush tops,
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one."

THRILL VI. was a darling little boudoir opening off the "Two Sisters." It was called the Mirador de Daraxa, and with its three tall windows reaching almost to the floor, made the most alluring "Romeo" I have ever chanced to see. Washington Irving, in his artistic way, has transcribed Daraxa, (meaning vestibule), into Lindaraja, an imaginary Moorish beauty. He was quite right, for the minute one enters, one associates a beautiful princess with the romantic surroundings.

Looking out of the balcony, I did not see my Romeo, but something *almost*, (note the emphasis), as charming—an old fountained court, orange trees, with here and there a ball of gold, half hidden in the foliage, well trimmed myrtle hedges, and occasionally a tall cedar loaned its soft green to the picture. Behind all as a background rose the outer walls of the Vermillion Palace:

"Oh, where can I buy, my swarthy Moor,
In this country o'er the sea,
The sunlight's fall on the old pink walls,
And the gold of the orange trees."

But we must leave off dreaming, and push on to

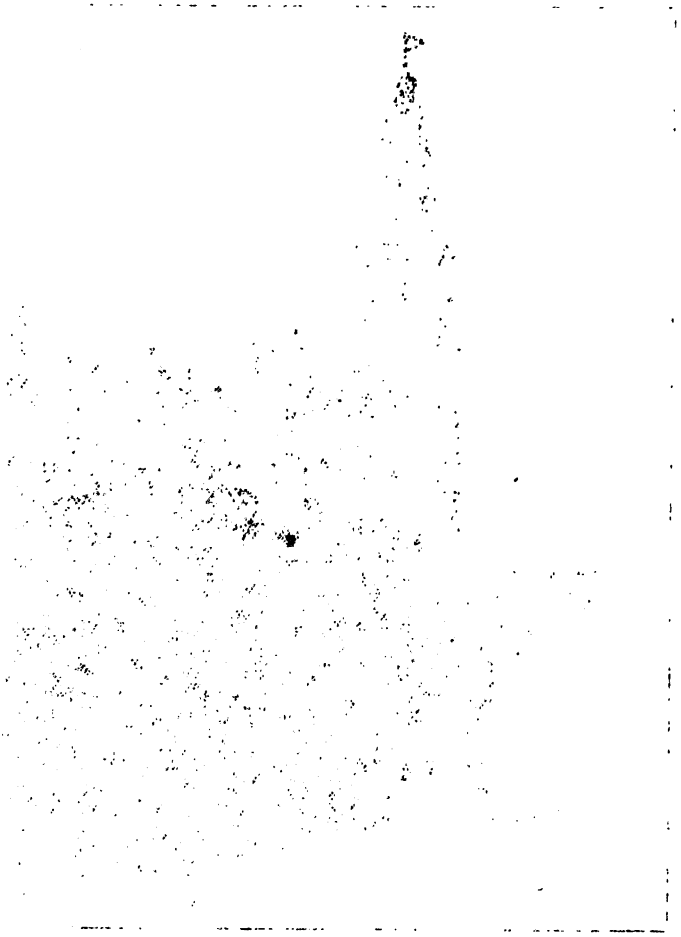
THRILL VII., although if one has a tendency toward visiting the clouds, there is no better place to ascend than in the Alhambra. The oldest part of this oriental pile came next, and we reached it by going through some corridors, and entering the great Hall of the Ambassadors. This apartment occupies the interior of the Torre de Comares. It was the state reception and throne room of the monarchs. Here Boabdil summoned an assembly of the Moors to consider the surrender of Granada. "Alas, poor Boabdil, t'were better for him if he had never been born." The same exquisite work was seen here, and especial attention was called to the larchwood dome. Dignity and impressiveness were centered in this Hall. Out to the Court of Myrtles and down a staircase to

THRILL VIII., called the Mexuar, (council chamber), now used as a chapel. It was damp and cheerless, but so interesting. From there, it seems to me, we passed through an underground passage called the Viaducto, and finally came to the old Baths. First, there was a chamber which was used as a dressing and lounging room of the old monarchs. It contained galleries for singers, and two alcoves where their majesties were lulled to sleep after a refreshing, perfumed bath.

Opening off this lounge were the baths themselves. Such luxury! O, to be a monarch!

Only one more thrill and that was very real and vivid. Retracing our steps, and passing again through the Hall of the Ambassadors, and also an open corridor, we entered the Peinador de la Reina or Queen's Dressing Room. Oh, how well I remember this little room hanging like a bird cage, as Irving says, over the valley of the Darro. The Albaicin and the beautiful, soft green hills in the distance, where Boabdil, looking back for the last time on his beloved palace and Granada, uttered his sorrowful exclamation, which has gone down in history, and is known as the "Last Sigh of the Moor." Then, turning to the right, the swelling, snow-peaked Sierras met my eyes. I could never make my "twilight" in that balcony for the shivers, both sentimental and otherwise, would run riot, while I would just "be."

Such is the Alhambra—a dreamy ruin, built by those we call "not Christians," but whose love of the beautiful breathes their devotion in every nook and corner.



Sevilla. La Giralda.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVILLE

It was too dark to read and too early to light the lamps, and, as I was alone, I threw myself in the big chair in front of the big window in our living room, and, snuggling down, I said to mystelf, "Now, go where you will, the hour is yours."

I looked out over the sunset-tinted Hudson, across to "The Castle," with its square tower silhouetted against the sky, and my mind travelled on and on until I had left river and ocean behind, and I was walking through the Alhambra gardens, out to the battlements, and standing there, watched the sun nestle softly to sleep just back of the mountains of dear old Spain.

When I at last heard footsteps on the veranda, I came to myself and realities, with just the same feeling I had experienced as when we left Granada on that beautiful Easter Monday. It was with a feeling of deep regret, but

> "Let Fate do her worst,
> There are relics of joy,
> Bright dreams of the past,
> Which she cannot destroy."

So come along girls, jump on the train with us,

for we are tagged to Seville, and I've an inkling you will be in your glory there.

* * * * * *

Seville is the city of bewitching Juañitas, dashing cavaliers, orange blossoms and blue skies; in fact, I believe, it is said Dan Cupid himself, being tired of the court life on Mt. Olympus, once took up his abode here.

But wait, we are not there yet, no indeed, for we must spend one whole day in that fleet winged express, called by your humble servant "Mercury." Joking aside, the trip was not so bad, for on these occasions our humor was at its zenith, and with a game of bridge, a good book, a lecture on Seville, its history, its cathedral and its tombs, by Mr. Pennington, the time passed quickly. Before we knew it, Pierrepont had sighted the Tower of Gold, and every head had to poke out of the window to be satisfied, and as each head came in, a bonnet attached itself. The bags were locked and strapped, and as the guard shouted "Sevilla, Sevilla," old "Mercury" puffed and snorted into the station.

It was just half past five in the afternoon when I closed the door of my room in the "Hotel de la Paix," promising to join the others at seven o'clock dinner. I shall never forget that room. It was the daintiest little boudoir you can imagine. The single four-poster bed was

draped in old rose madras, and the hangings in the room blended tastefully. The most alluring little "Romeo" opened off one corner, with its boxes of flowers and vines hanging gracefully over a narrow street, whose houses seemed to almost meet overhead. I stood there entranced, looking down on the steady procession of cloaked men, and women veiled in mantillas, until I heard familiar voices, and turning, I saw the Penningtons in the balcony, and the Hansons overhead. "Buenos Dias," I shouted to them. "Si, Señorita, gracias, gracias," they answered.

"What a delicious dinner! Garçon, a little more rice and chicken, please." "Oh, Americans don't even know how to *spell* rice correctly. Spanish rice is buena, buena."

Diary.

Monday, April 1, 1907.

"To bed early TIRED. I wonder who was the fool at home to-day. I wonder who was the little donkey here. Good-night."

I opened my eyes next morning and saw, much to my amazement, a little maid walk into my room with a pitcher of "agua caliente," (hot water), and, putting it down on the dresser, turned and looked at me. Then, courtesying, said, "Buenos Dias, Señorita." I smiled and nodded, watching her till she passed out. It did seem unique, to say the least, to have peo-

ple walk in to your room without knocking, but I learned, when I was in Spain, to do as the Spaniards did and keep still.

The second of April was one of the reddest of all the red letter days to me. It was a day full of fun, and intensely interesting. Directly after breakfast the men went to the bank to get the home mail and a few pesetas, so we women went out to the shops, and to get a little idea of the streets and houses. Girls, I had not been out five minutes before I had completely lost my heart to Seville, and I remembered reading somewhere that "He whom God loved, owned a house in Seville." It is the gayest, sunniest and cleanest city I have ever been in, and looks as if everything were in readiness for a visit from the little King.

The houses, even the richest, are white-washed. Their attractive patios, with fountains, orange trees and marble floors, are visible from the street, through beautifully carved iron doors, and made me long to go in and know more about the life inside. But how fortunate to even catch a glimpse, and how ungrateful we mortals are.

We went through some side streets until we came to the Calle de las Sierpes, the Broadway of Seville. It is not wide enough for carriages and people to pass, so carriages are not allowed. Shops line both sides of the street.

Of course, there are no sidewalks, and everyone walks in the middle of the street with the donkeys. One afternoon, while sauntering along, looking in the shop windows at the mantillas, and gorgeous fans with scenes from the bull fight depicted on them, I heard the tinkling of a bell, and Mr. John Mule, as cool as you please, pushed me to one side, where I made myself as scarce as possible to allow his majesty to pass. I made several purchases that morning, among them a lace mantilla. It took the combined gestures and smiles of three of us, together with fifty pesetas and eight chattering Spaniards, to bind the bargain. But I got it, and it's a beauty!

Now for the Cathedral. A chapter for this wonderful sanctuary alone would not be too much, but, as I do not want to leave the slightest feeling of too "muchness," I am going to take you under my wing, and we will fly to and through this, one of the richest cathedrals in the world.

If, while walking the narrow, ill-paved streets, you let your stumbles take care of themselves for a moment and look up, you will always see somewhere, near or far away, the Giralda gracefully reaching up to touch the blue. When I first saw it, I was immediately transported to Madison Square, where I was dodging motors and street cars, and impatiently

waiting for the Fifth Avenue stage to get out of my way. For, of course, you know the Madison Square tower is a reproduction of the old Moorish Prayer tower. But I will leave this until we climb it, for then, and then only, can one know it and describe it.

The Cathedral stands alone and elevated on a platform enclosed by an iron chain fence, making the approach very different from those of most Spanish churches. There are several entrances, but we will first visit the Court of Oranges, entered by the Puerta del Perdón, (Gate of Pardon). As we mounted the stone steps leading to this gate, I stopped, and looking up, tried to take in the immensity of it all; but although it is considered one of the largest, handsomest and richest Gothic churches in Christendom, I couldn't, and so hurried on with the others.

Nearly every cathedral in Spain has a Puerta del Perdón, but this one was particularly fine. You enter through two graceful Moorish arched doorways, the outer one being wonderfully decorated with figures of the Apostles, and find on your left a sort of chapel enclosed by an iron grating. On the altar, and hanging on the side walls, are gifts of all descriptions, given by penitents who, confessing their sins, are pardoned by the old priests and thus allowed to enter the sacred precincts.

Passing through this Puerta del Perdón, we found ourselves in the Court of Oranges—being a court two hundred and ninety-eight feet long, and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide, studded with orange trees that looked as though they might have been planted by St. Ferdinand himself. In the center stands an old Moorish fountain where the Spanish beauties, in short skirts, tight-fitting blouses and orange colored shawls pinned around their shoulders, gossip while their water jugs are filling under the fountains.

We entered the Cathedral proper through the queerest kind of a vestibule, Puerta del Lagarto (Gate of the Lizard). A huge crocodile is suspended from the vaulting, being a gift from the Sultan of Egypt to Alfonso the Learned in 1260, along with a request for his daughter's hand. (I don't know whether he got it.) An elephant's tusk hangs close by, and the alleged bridle of the horse of the Cid, besides these, many curious pictures hung on the walls.

Another leather flap, and behold, a wonder! As I bowed my head, my hand went instinctively to my hat, and I had a strong desire to take it off. No one spoke and each went his own way, filled with reverence and awe. I never felt so small and inconsequential as when I stood looking down the long shadowy aisles,

whose Atlas-like pillars rose one after the other in solemn silence; and, as the halo softens and deepens the face of the Christ Child, so the tremendous peal of the organ deepened and mystified the grandeur of the Cathedral. I felt as if a thousand needles were pricking me.

The chapels line the outer aisles, and some of them are very beautiful. Many of the "old masters" hang on the side walls. I saw my first Murillo in one of these chapels—St. Anthony's Vision of the Christ Child. I wonder if you know the incident connected with this picture. The watchman, going his morning rounds, and unlocking the chapel doors, found that the figure of the kneeling Saint had been cut out during the night by someone, who had slipped unseen inside the doors. It was discovered, a few months later, in a pawnbroker's shop in New York, and it was taken back to Seville, where it has been so well restored that no one, even knowing that the blemish is there, can detect it. For this reason, the picture is, of course, very interesting to New Yorkers.

The tomb of Christopher Columbus also offered a great deal of interest to us. It is quite imposing. The small draped coffin, containing the bones of the Great Discoverer, is supported on the shoulders of four figures which stand on a marble pedestal a few feet from the floor. These figures, clothed in gorgeous vestments,

with coats of arms embroidered in gold, represent respectively the four great kingdoms of Spain—Navarre, Aragon, Castile and Leon.

Fernando Colon, son of Christopher Columbus, is also buried in this Cathedral. During Passion Week a wooden temple is erected over his tombstone, in which, I believe, the Host is deposited on Good Friday, and remains until Easter Monday, when the temple is taken down. As it was only two days after Easter when we were there, the carpenters were still at work. And as Baedecker told us that the tombstone bore the representation of the three famous ships, Pierrepont and I wanted to see it. With Mr. Pennington's assistance we crawled under the scaffolding, and, crouching down, brushed some of the debris away so that we could see the boats. While thus occupied a plank fell on the shaky roof over my head, and, before I knew it, I was out, brushing the dust from my clothes. The rest stayed, however, and told me all about it.

The shrine of St. Ferdinand was intensely interesting. It was truly king-like, being made of the silver and gold brought by Columbus from America. This stood at the foot of the high altar in the Capilla Real. Above it, on the altar, stood the Virgin of the Kings, the gift of St. Louis of France to St. Ferdinand of Spain in the 13th century. It is unique, in that she

has removable golden hair, and is clothed in gorgeous vestments, which are changed every Saturday, when she is on exhibition. Alfonso the Learned is also buried in this chapel. We were taken down to the Panteon, and shown the metalic coffins of Pedro the Cruel, Maria de Padilla, and the children of the royal family. The vestments worn by the kings, bishops and all in authority were looked at, and then the guide took us to the sacristy. "Oh, goodness, I wonder if I shall remember a thing when I get home," I said to myself. But it all comes back to me, and I see everything even more clearly now than when I was there. There were crowns and sceptres, shields and swords, gold services and precious stones, and hundreds of other things. Pierrepont wore St. Ferdinand's crown for a minute, and I have been provoked ever since to think I didn't join the royal family for the same length of time.

The stalls in the huge Coro are wonderfully carved, and offer material for many hours' study, and the Capilla Mayor opposite the Coro, is enclosed by a bronze screen. There is a candle, to the left of the Altar, which is twenty feet tall and weighs one ton. I watched an acolyte at the close of service, take a step-ladder, and, climbing up as if it were a lamp post, snuff the flame.

A very impressive sight was the elevation

of the Host. Fortunately we happened to be in the Cathedral at the time, and on hearing the organ and the chanting in the distance, knew some service was being held, and hurried to the Coro. There were many priests, in their finest vestments, in the Capilla Mayor, and scores of acolytes with their bright red and white cassocks; the incense pots were swinging, and the candles were all burning. Presently the bishop took up a little cabinet, opened the door, took something out, and lifted it up high before the altar. Instantly a little bell tinkled, and everyone in the Cathedral knelt. The carpenters stopped hammering; the children, skipping down the aisles, knelt; and soon some one touched me, and I too, paid reverence. For the space of a few minutes absolute silence prevailed, then, at the tinkling of the little bell, everyone rose, and work went on again.

There is a great deal to tell, and my mind runs on ahead of my pen, but I must stop, for, to hold the reader's attention and interest is a very essential part of the writer's work. Ahem!

While dressing for dinner that evening, there came a knock at my door, and I was asked if I would like to go to the opera. Did "Betty Delavan" ever say "no," to music? So up went my modest dinner frock on the hook, and, diving down deep in my trunk, I brought up an evening gown.

The opera posters were, of course, all in Spanish, but with five heads poring over them, we finally decided that a certain Mlle. Marie Barrientos was to make her debut that evening, and the opera was La Somnambula.

We were ushered to our box, and fortunately had time to study the whole "tout and scramble," before the curtain rose. The house was certainly foreign, and, therefore, queer to the extreme. It looked to me like a great big barn with a crude stage perched up at one end, and its huge doors covered with advertisements ranging from somebody's cocoa to a dashing notice of the coming bull-fight, serving as a drop curtain. We were curious to the ends of our toes, and could hardly wait for the bill-board to rise. But soon the musicians took their places, and at the graceful, downward stroke of the conductor's baton, slowly, unsteadily, but surely, the wonder disappeared, and a stage, as queer as the rest of the house, presented itself to our critical eyes.

The opera, as you know, is lovely, and the music delightful. Soon the new soprano made her appearance, and a loud applause greeted her, which increased as the opera advanced, until, at the climax of a certain part, in which she soared up to the very skies, the gallery broke

loose, and shouts of "Brava, Brava, Barrientos!" together, with shrill whistles, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, made me feel all prickly again. My note book says, "the applause was something to be remembered. New York audiences are cold."

The chorus was buxom to say the least, being composed, chiefly, of Rubens' fairy-like nymphs. Mrs. Hanson and I got the giggles. The four hundred of Seville occupied the boxes, but for the life of me, I could not see any of the Spanish beauties one reads about. Oh, what a good time I had, and, as I turned out the light and crawled into bed, I said to myself, "This has been a red letter day of the deepest dye."

I allowed myself to sleep late next morning, so not much sight-seeing was accomplished before luncheon, but I received three letters from home, and maybe I wasn't glad to get them. They told me I was missed a little wee bit; does it sound reasonable?

On our way home from visiting the Casa de Pilotas, or House of Pilate, being the supposed reproduction of the original house of Pilate in Jerusalem, we stopped at the Cathedral, and, as it was about half-past eleven, decided to climb the Giralda and wait until twelve o'clock, when the bells would be rung. I was right in my element, for I love to do

queer things, and climbing towers seemed my strong point.

The Giralda is forty-nine feet square, and about three hundred and twenty-five feet high, but is ascended by an easy, inclined plane in thirty-five sections. It is said, two horsemen side by side could very comfortably ride to the top. At the end of nearly every section, there are windows, where the vista grows finer and more extended at each succeeding one. Finally, we reached the first gallery, which is starred in the guide-books, saying it affords a limitless view. And so it did, for it seemed to me I could almost see the Statue of Liberty in our harbor. In this gallery hang the fifteen wonderful bells, that can be heard miles and miles away; three very large ones, and all the rest of moderate size. They were christened with holy oil, and named after various saints.

We looked at our watches and saw that in ten minutes the bell rope would be pulled, and, we would either be deafened for life, or frightened to death, but we decided to face these trifles in order to hear for once the big bells ring. As the minutes flew by, we began to get a little anxious—I getting as far away as possible, with my hands clapped over my ears. Two minutes, one minute, a half, a quarter, a second, and the guard grabbed the rope—crash went the ponderous clapper, and away went the

man off his feet and over the railing, and for a second my heart stopped beating, as he hung suspended in mid air. He swung back, however, and regained his footing, but in our minds it was a narrow escape.

After recuperating from the excitement, we started down, running as hard as we could go, at every turn grabbing the side of the tower and getting a fresh start. When we finally unwound in the Cathedral, we were breathless, excited and hungry. My, but that was an experience! we said, and headed for the Hotel de la Paix.

The afternoon was spent in "doing" the Alcazar and its gardens. After the Alhambra the decorations seemed a little tame, but still it was beautiful in the extreme. I could tell you about each room, who lived, died, married and was murdered in them, but I'll spare you that for I'm afraid this sketch is getting "Guideyfied," and I want to steer clear of that if I can. So come with me out in the gardens, where history can be conscientiously forgotten, and let us throw back our shoulders, breathe in the good pure air, and rejoicing in the present, forget the past.

The afternoon was a match for Lowell's "rare day in June," and after coming from the Doll's Court, (so called from the faces in the decorations) where we had listened to an ac-

count of Pedro's murder of his brother Fadrique, on "that very spot," it seemed like Paradise Regained. The sun shone as it only can in Andalusia; the air was sweet with orange blossoms; and roses of every color and kind ran riot over wicker gates and arbors. There were fountains, too, lots of them, and "surprise water-works" which besprinkled the unwary visitor. These were invisible slits in the garden paths, where, at the turning of a crank in some unseen spot, streams of water would shoot up in the air and—mad is the person who is caught. Romantic walks lie in every direction, and I found a maze of boxwood hedges in one corner of the gardens. I started, but knowing I would soon lose myself and my companions, retraced my steps. With our hands full of flowers and our minds full of hopes of seeing the gardens again, we turned our steps towards home, and a cup of tea.

The following day we took an early train for Huelva. I don't believe many Americans know where it is, or anything about it. We arrived at noon, and guided by the "Stars and Stripes," entered the office of our American Consul, who gave us full information in regard to our quest.

Huelva is a small town on the banks of a little stream known as the Odiel, which runs into the Rio Tinto. Here we took a sail-boat,

and had a glorious trip up the river, passing many "whale backs," and boats of all kinds. As we neared a strip of land that looked like a huge sand bar, we saw high up on the bluff a monument, topped by a large globe, and surmounted by a cross. As we drew nearer, we could see a white building which might be a convent. Now do you know where we were? The monument is dedicated to Christopher Columbus; the convent is the world-famous convent of Santa Maria la Rábida, and the inlet a little further up, at Palos, is where Columbus, with his three boats, set sail for the new world.

We landed at a large and up-to-date pier, then strolled slowly along the sunny, sandy road up through the gardens to the convent itself. Its exterior does not strike one as being old, for it is anything but dingy and mouldy—on the contrary, it is a clean, dazzling white stucco. We were shown through the principal rooms; saw Columbus' living-rooms, the chapel, many paintings and curiosities of, and pertaining to, the Great Discoverer and his son. But the most curious of all to me was the burial place of the old monks and priests. This was a long, narrow room, if I remember rightly, whose walls were notched at intervals with apertures similar to our old-time baking ovens, and into these were shoved the bones of the "Spanish fathers."

The monument, on nearer view, was seen to have the prows of three ships projecting from the column—the Santa Maria, Niña and Pinta.

We arrived home about ten P. M., glad of the opportunity of seeing the Convent and thankful that Columbus had brains enough to find us.

A little insight into the art of Spanish dancing; an evening at a circus; a visit to the famous cigarette factory, where we watched the "Carmens" trip to their work; a beautiful drive through the Paseo de las Delicias (park); a ride in a merry-go-round; a visit to the house of Murillo; a service in an English church; a cup of tea each afternoon in our rooms; as much chicken and rice as I could eat, and lots and lots of other things have made me a life-long friend of Seville.

Strolling toward home, on the afternoon of our last day there, our feet instinctively led us to the Cathedral, and "'Twas the hour of sunset; the golden rays crept softly and timidly through the great rose window, and up the long aisle."

The sun-rays peeped in the chapels,
  And touched the tombs of the dead.
They crowned the head of a little child
  Skipping home, when her prayers were said.

SEVILLE

They brightened the face of an old, old man,
  As he talked to the One Above,
And kissed the tears in a maiden's eyes
  As she knelt and confessed her love.

Then, like a bride they trembling went,
  Up to the throne so bright,
And kneeling there before the Christ,
  Poured out their heart of light.

Farewell, thou gem of holiness! Farewell! until some dim to-morrow!

CHAPTER VII.

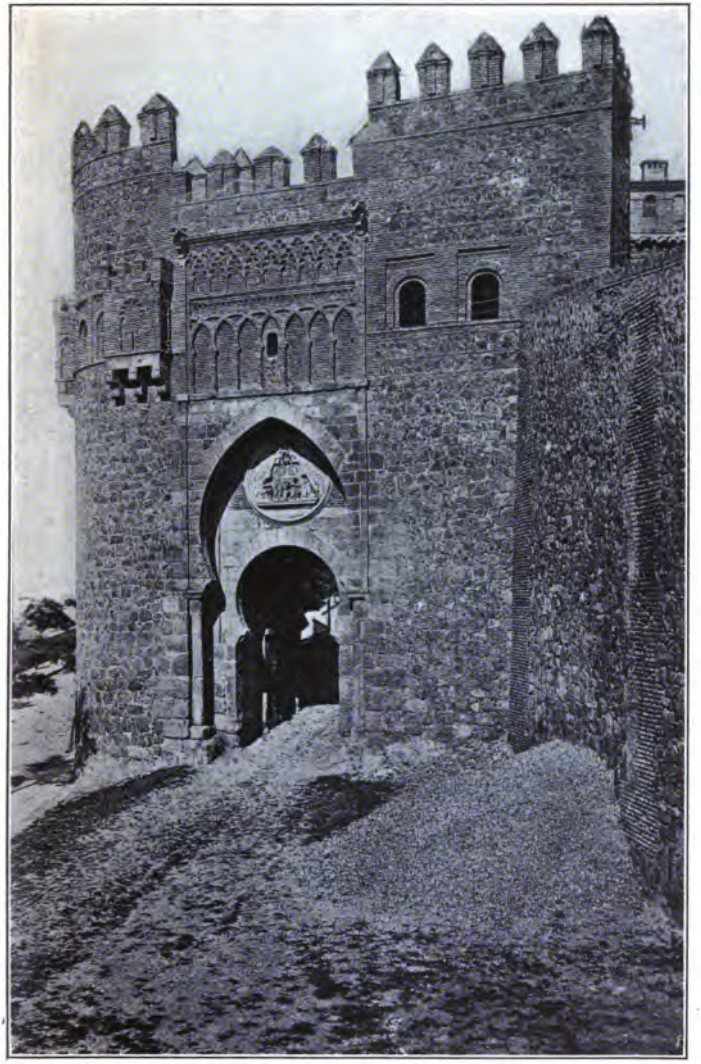
TOLEDO.

"Old towns whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme.
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time."

Now for a lark! This was to be my first experience in a continental sleeper, and I relished the thought almost as much as that of an approaching dinner.

Leaning out of the window, while our engine puffed and sputtered out of the station, we bid farewell to charming Seville in true Spanish fashion. I'll tell you how that is: We held up our hands, palms inward, and then proceeded to slap our fortune lines with the four fingers. After that heart-rending performance, a sigh escaped my lips and flew out of the window in the direction of the Cathedral, but fortunately there was always something "starred" ahead of us, and we pressed on with delight to that spot, dim perhaps with age and just bubbling over with history.

We had a funny time that evening, and it was late when we climbed to our nests, murmured good-night, and jolted off to Toledo. I like the Continental sleepers, girls, more than ours.



Toledo. Puerto Del Sol.

When I awoke, it was Mother's birthday, the 9th of April. "Oh, to be Mrs. Atlas for a little while. I'd pick up my skirts and take three dainty steps across the sea, then a skip to Nyack, and I'd give Mother—(I'd better not give her away)—kisses, present her with a banderillo, or a pair of castanets, and with a fond farewell, I'd hop back to sunny Spain." Thus my thoughts ran riot until I heard a summons to arise, which I obeyed immediately, if not sooner.

It seemed hours before the dining car attached itself, but when it did, we fell in love, proposed, and were accepted before you could say Jack Robinson.

At Castillejo, we had to tear ourselves away, having to change cars for Toledo. There was about forty minutes' wait, so Mr. Hanson and I killed time by playing ball with a piece of coal. The grown-ups (poor things) sat on a hot bench in the broiling sun, and assuming the historic expression, listened to a thrilling account of the "recapitulation of Toledo, by Archbishop de Bumpity-bump." We knew our lesson, and skipped. (Moral: always prepare your A. B. C.'s.)

Soon, a general scamper of chickens, geese and people, and the accommodating engine, all out of breath, picked us up and landed us safely in an hour's time at the Rock City.

Some of us climbed in a rickety old diligence,

and some preferred our Irish tandems, so, with the right foot for a leader, and the left foot for a wheeler, we followed the mules.

Approaching the Bridge of Alcantara, we all exclaimed, "Isn't this gloriously old! Just look at those gates, that bridge, those walls! I suppose that's the Alcazar up there, and, oh, yes, those must be the Cathedral towers, off in the distance. Oh, aren't you glad you're living?"

The River Tagus claimed our attention right there, for, standing at the bridge, and looking down to our right, it looked very *pretty*. I emphasize pretty, for it was the first river worth noticing that I had seen in Spain. It flows by the foot of the mysterious city, and winds gracefully around its rocky cliffs, then silently turns toward the Vega and flows on through the green meadows, and past soft, feathery "Coroty" trees.

The guide books fairly glow with brilliant descriptions of Toledo. For instance, Mr. Baedecker was moved to say: "Few cities that I have ever seen, can compete in artistic interest, with Toledo, and none, perhaps, come up to it in the singular magnificence of its situation, and the endless novelty and picturesqueness of its every corner."

Wormann speaks of Toledo as "a gigantic, open air museum, of the architectural history of early Spain, arranged on a lofty and conspicu-

ous table of rock." And Mr. Dick's "Heart of Spain" beats and throbs with picturesqueness and grandeur.

I wanted to give you a little idea of what the big men think and say concerning this city, for after a glorious week of steady sightseeing and dissipation, a night in a sleeper in Spain is not the very best thing in the world for nerves, tempers and understanders. So naturally we were not in the right frame of mind to appreciate its wonders. If I fall short of enthusiasm, please remember that the fault lies not with Toledo, but with the stupid Americans who visited it.

We stood on the bridge, and oh, wasn't it old! Here, one could "reminisce" to his heart's desire—provided he knew enough. I knew that Wamba was mixed up with the history of Toledo about 673, so I thought that entitled me to a "far-away look," and a little dreaming into the bargain. But hurry up, Señorita, cross the bridge.

As we sauntered up the queer little streets, and through the old city gates, we looked out of place. The modern in any shape or form has no resting place in Toledo, and we found it to be all too true, before the day was over. A well-fitted tailormade suit with smart little hat to match, good looking shoes, and gloves, find no companionship with orange shawls, baskets

perched on dusky heads, water jars balanced on sturdy hips, old men and women on donkeys' backs, etc.

The Hotel de Castilla stood at the head of a narrow calle, in plain English, a dark alley. It was built of white marble or granite, and looked almost as modern and out of place as ourselves. Its walls enclosed a large patio, however, and its marble floor, fountains and palms made it characteristic of, I believe, one of the most artistic countries in existence. That's what we wanted—everything foreign. No Waldorf-Astoria in Spain (only one luxury I craved and that was a porcelain tub and oceans of agua caliente). A spacious dining room adjourned the court, and we spent many happy hours over our déjeuner.

The next move was out, and we retraced our steps down the calle, where innumerable beggars and cripples accosted us on every side. I never saw so many rags and so much poverty. A few coppers carried us through this quaint lovers' lane, and brought us to the large city square and market place called the Zocodovér. Numerous streets make this their starting or finishing point, and it is called the hub of the city's life.

Three-story buildings surround this square, and all have arcades, containing shops and cafés. Gay and festive it looks on market day,

when the square is filled with vegetable and fruit stands, protected from the hot rays by huge orange colored umbrellas, underneath whose shade women chatter, men smoke, and donkeys bray. Scattered here and there through the arcades, and gathered around small tables, with glasses raised in a "here's to you," will be seen the gay Spanish soldiers, and off in the distance stands the oldest gate in Toledo. After scrutinizing the umbrellas, donkeys and natives, we turned toward the Calle del Comercio, the Sierpes of Toledo. It is, of course, narrow and shadowy like the rest, and lined with little jewelry shops and patisseries. We poked along, and on making a sudden turn saw the Cathedral spire in the distance.

Finding the whereabouts of the cable office, I started on my quest, and discovered it, tucked away in one corner of a little, dark alley. As I dictated my congratulations and love to Mother, I had grave doubts as to their receipt in America. But I found out later on, that they had arrived in due season.

"Oh, look at the Bridge of Sighs!" some one exclaimed, as we turned down the picturesque Cathedral Street. Over the cobble-stones rose an enclosed and slightly arched bridge, connecting the Cathedral with the palace of those mighty archbishops. We strolled under it without a sigh; passed the imposing facade, and

crossed to the square, where we sat under a scraggly tree, and tried our best to realize where we were and at what we were looking.

Now for the lovers of antiquity. Now for all those to whom the old is a passion. This site, my friends, has been the place of worship since the fifth century. Moors and Christians have alternately offered up their sacrifices, and knelt before their altars, until the year 1227, when the good "St. Ferdinand" caused the old church to be torn down and laid the foundation of the present edifice. The huge, square tower at one corner was surmounted by a graceful spire, and around this spire away up near the top were three rings or circles of metal rays representing, I suppose, the crown of thorns. How brilliantly they shone in the sunshine!

On mentioning this church, my mind immediately takes an upward flight, and I see the golden halo above the old grey streets.

There were several puertas, all very handsomely carved, but we descended a few steps which brought us to the cloisters, and also to an unpretentious looking entrance, one through which many have entered, and we among them. Disappointment was depicted on several faces, and mine was one. It seemed cold, bright and unimposing. Was it merely the contrast with the wonder we had left behind us in Seville, or was it cold, and therefore un-

responsive to our finer feelings? After several visits, however, we warmed up to it, or it to us, and we found the stained glass very beautiful; the stately pillars and graceful arches majestic in their Gothic dress; the huge Coro wonderful in the beauty and detail of its carving; the chapels shadowy and historic, and the whole one of marvellous beauty. Unfortunately an opportunity of a quiet stroll through these aisles at sunset, when the great rose windows reveal themselves to one in all their glory, did not occur. It has been said that then, and then only, this Cathedral fills one with complete satisfaction and delight, and places Toledo on a plane with the finest churches in the world.

With a priest as guide, who, by the way, we heartily wished had not come, we made our way up dark, narrow, winding stone steps. Up, ever up, amid laughter, broken ejaculations and spicy repartee, until we finally came to daylight and the Cathedral's highest point. There, I am told the view is one of the best of its kind in Spain, but I do not remember, for Mrs. Hanson's jokes were too good to lose. Then, groping along, fearful of falling, and with many an "Oh, why did I come," we finally unwound in the church, only to hurry out, secure a guide and proceed to be towed around the city. We were taken through streets that were

fairly mouldy with age, and the narrowest I have ever seen. On and on, until we came to a sort of elevated esplanade, and there, built ages ago, by "the Catholic Kings," stood the Church of San Juan de los Reyes.

We looked at the iron chains hung on the front of the church, and thought of the poor Christians who bore them in the old Moorish dungeons; then turning, we watched the sun creep down and the tawny river play at hide and seek with the city. It stole away around this side, crept softly behind great rocks and under the picturesque bridge of St. Martin, till it spied old Alcantara in the distance, then darted playfully off to the meadows and green fields. We watched it, until we saw our guide sitting lazily by, and thought of our pesetas and hurried into the church.

We peeped into an old Jewish synagogue, where restoration was holding sway, then stumbled along, until we saw the Castilla loom up in the distance, then fairly ran to our rooms and rested.

That evening I heard the soft sighs of love and a light guitar. I ran to my balcony, but, alas, some charming, coquettish Juanita across the calle was the lucky girl, and I hopped back into bed.

Next morning, we paid our last respects to the Cathedral, some of our party going very

early to attend a service in the Capilla Mozárabe, but o'er me sleep and oblivion reigned supreme.

About half-past nine we picked up sticks and rushed to the station, stopping for a second on the way to see an old ruined castle.

Thus we spent our moments in Toledo—we only made a formal call, but I hope some day to revisit it and settle down for a good old-fashioned stay, for I love the "Heart of Spain."

CHAPTER VIII.

MADRID.

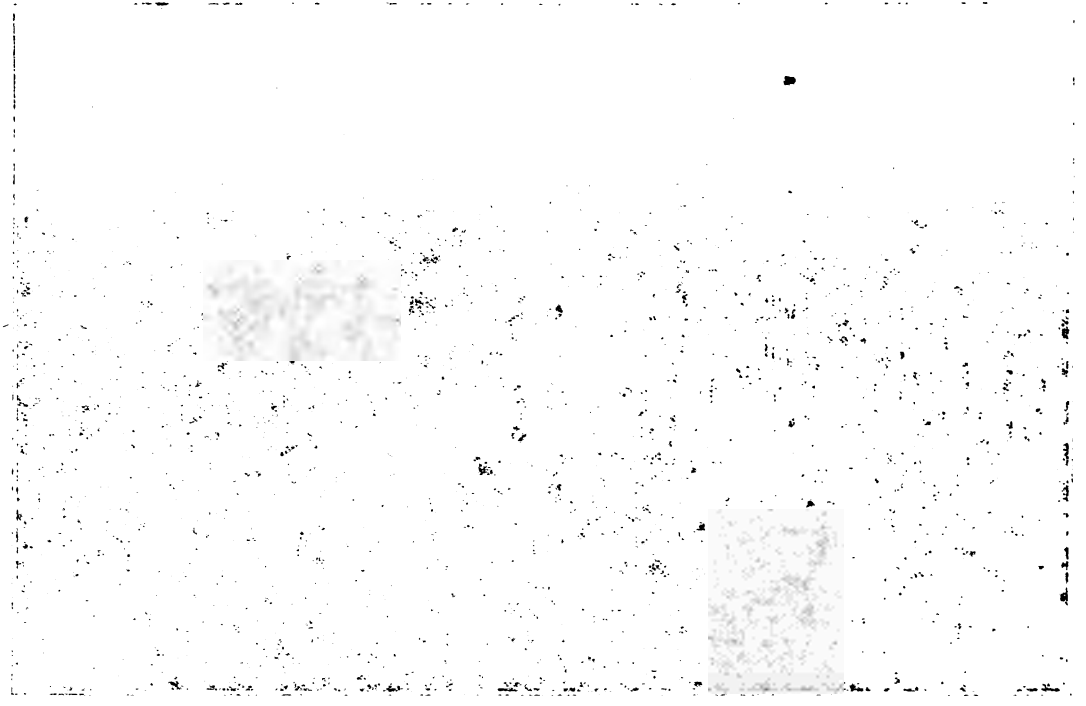
"Long years ago in old Madrid,
Where softly sighs of love the light guitar."

Romantic, sentimental, chivalrous, dreamy, old Madrid. Love and war went hand in hand, with Cupid as their captain, and the soft guitar as their martial band—in Old Madrid. Oh, why did not you keep these tokens of long ago? Why did you cast them off and turn towards a New Madrid? You are not half as fascinating and attractive; in fact, you are nothing now but one of the large, busy commercial cities of the world, with trolley lines, tall buildings and surging crowds of humanity —all trying to get there first.

* * * * * * *

Arriving in Madrid at eight in the evening, our drive from the station was not very "seeable." I did notice, however, the famous Fuente de Cibéles, and numerous squares at the junction of the different avenues, where a monument would stand guard, making one think of the Capital City of our grand old Stars and Stripes.

Our resting place while there, was situated in the Puerta del Sol, and before the first night



Madrid. Calle De A[illegible].

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Madrid. Calle De Alcalá.

was over, I thought I had pitched my tent on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York. At daybreak, I jumped up, and wrapping my coat warmly around me, stepped out on the balcony adjoining my boudoir to see what it all meant. The Puerta del Sol is, of course, a large city square, in fact the largest. All the trolley lines cross and recross it; all the stages, omnibuses, mule wagons and every means of transportation make it their starting and finishing point, and all the stray men, women and children in the whole of Madrid congregate, at all hours of the night, to hold forth until morning. As I looked down on this swarming, chattering, yelling mass of humanity, I thought of the New York Stock Exchange on a panicky day, and retraced my steps to dreamland.

The morning brought eight letters from America—and a rainy day. Yes, that was one of the three rainy days we had during the whole thirty-two on shore, so we spent a few hours in our rooms, reading our letters and answering all questions, but we made a bee-line for the Prado after luncheon. It is a very handsome building of white marble. Just outside the main entrance is a statue of Velasquez. On entering the gallery I whispered to myself, "Now Betty, you are going to see some real, genuine works of art; be critical and

frank." But this first visit was very hurried; we spent only enough time to locate the pictures, we wished to study later, so I waited until I had a good look at them before I committed myself.

On our way home we stopped in a café for tea. The Madrid of to-day is very gay, and seems to be bursting with life and excitement from sunset to sunrise. The rest of the day is dead. So we did not see any gaieties at that hour, but after dinner we strolled down one of the principal avenues, getting right in the whirlpool of the city's life, and nearly seeing the king as he drove through the streets from the station to the palace.

Next morning we made an early start for the Prado, and spent a very profitable three hours. The Velasquez Gallery took my eye, and I just thrilled and thrilled over these great Spanish masterpieces. Vulcan's Forge, Los Barrochos (the drunkards), The Surrender of Breda, and Little Don Carlos on his "slim" Andalusian pony, were all very realistic. Velasquez is seen at his best in his native land, and the collection is considered very fine. The beautiful Madonnas of Murillo also hold an important part in the museum.

Rubens' fairy-like nymphs were admired and commented on. Some Rembrandts were admired, very fine Goyas, some Titians, Tintoret-

tas and many others received their usual amount of enthusiasm and praise; but just between you and me, I cannot conscientiously go into raptures over a lot of brown, green and white paint splashed on a canvas, and called "Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." You will think me sadly lacking in artistic taste, won't you, but I want you to know that I saw and appreciated many pluperfect paintings, and I have brought copies home of many of my favorites. So you must "take me as I mean, not as I say." That's what my dear old Grannie used to whisper to me.

On Saturday we lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Collier, our minister to Spain and his wife. Their home is very attractive, and quite "Spanishy." Of course they were charming hosts, as all good Americans are, and we had a very delightful time.

Our Sunday in Madrid was very pleasant. In the morning we were invited to the home of our Consul to witness the passing of a large military parade, in which we were told the King would appear. Shortly after our coffee and rolls, we made our way to the scene of action—to find that, on account of muddy streets, the procession had been postponed. Our dominie friend immediately said, "It was intended, my children, that we should this morning go to church." So, after inquiring

for an English service, we jumped into a cab and started to be good. The English church proved to be a small room on the second floor of the English Embassy, which is situated in the commercial center of the city. The room was well filled with our native tribe, and the service was very much enjoyed.

We spent the afternoon in driving through the royal park with Mr. and Mrs. Collier. To my wild delight, we saw the King and Queen. They whizzed by in their bright red auto, but not too fast to smile, and—oh, what a smile!

While driving out of the city, we passed a diligence, filled with gayly attired matadors, picadors, banderillos and toreadors in general—all on their way to the bull fight. That was the nearest I ever came to one.

The Royal Palace was at first a disappointment to me, for the photographs, portray a grand and imposing edifice of white marble, or granite, set in a beautifully wooded park, and that's what I expected to see. Instead, when I was told to get off the trolley, for that was the palace, I could not believe my eyes. True, it was an imposing, and dignified structure, but it backed right on the car tracks, and the royal apartments overlooked the electric wires. Such, was the city of New Madrid.

On this Sunday afternoon, however, as we drove through the park, which lies at the foot

of the palace grounds, and looked back, catching glimpses here and there of the white royal mansion, I took back all I had said, for it truly was a great moonstone set in emeralds. This, without a doubt, was the spot from which the photograph was taken. The palace was closed to visitors during our week in Madrid, so we did not see the interior, over which I have grieved ever since, for the Spanish Court is said to be the most brilliant, gorgeous and ceremonies in all Europe, and to see the Throne Room would have been thrilling.

To the south of the building is a very large square. Here the royal guard is always pacing up and down, day and night. We happened to see "Guard Mount" one morning. All the officers rode beautiful horses, and hundreds of soldiers crawled to the tune of the Royal March. The Armorie occupied one wing of the palace, and our Señors enjoyed it tremendously, but we women prefer to look at relics of peace. However, we were soon filled with the idea that it was truly a wonderful collection of arms and armor. To Charles V. is attributed the honor of being the founder and collector. The armor and swords of Don Juan of Austria, Philip IV., Charles V., Pizzaro and Cortez, the tent of Francis I., captured at Pavia, and lots and lots of equestrian statues of

these monarchs in full armor, horse and all, with lances propped, ready to cut down the enemy, were seen and admired.

The Royal Coach House was open to visitors. Hurrah! So, after watching the exciting process, of harnessing two beautiful, prancing steeds to the royal carriage, (for her majesty wished to be wheeled through the park), we were taken to the real Royal Coach House.

There were scores of coaches dating back hundreds of years. We saw the ebony carriage in which Juana the Mad carried the body of her dead husband, and also the present royal coach, in which Alfonso and his bride were riding on their wedding day, when the bomb was thrown, and we examined the marks made by the explosion. The stables came next, and we were shown one of the white horses which was injured and scared by the bomb; and later in the afternoon we passed the house from which the deadly thing was thrown. So we saw it all, as the boys, and sometimes the girls, say.

Madrid was entirely different from all the Spanish cities I had seen, of course from the fact of its up-to-dateness, but there was another reason, too—it has no great Cathedral. That seemed strange to me, for Madrid is an old city, the Cortes being held there in 1329 by Ferdinand IX. I don't quite understand that; however, I'll look it up.

We looked at our itinerary that evening, and found that the next day we had to say "Au revoir," for "tempus fidgets," and we still had a great deal to see in Spain. So we immediately set to work packing our suit cases for a little tour in some old towns to the north of this capitol city.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD CASTILE.

THE ESCORIAL.

The Escorial stands out as clearly and distinctly on my memory as it stood out in reality on that bleak and barren hillside. Its sombreness seemed to reflect on me, and I almost shudder whenever I think of it. It is associated in my mind with nothing but tombs, coffins, the "living and dying rooms" of Philip II., and gridirons.

Long before our engine pulled into the station, we saw the immense grey mass of stone and mortar piled high upon the hill. It was imposing, I must admit, for it was monstrous. Why, girls, it comprised a royal palace, a church, a convent, a mausoleum, and a library, all under one roof. Think of that! Do you wonder the Spaniards speak of it as the "Eighth Wonder of the World"?

The drive up from the station lay through a park of large trees, which was a part of the Escorial estate, I believe. The donkeys pulled and strained under the heavy load of Americans and their luggage, but finally they halted in front of an attractive entrance to a little inn,

Monasterio Del Escorial.

with boxwood hedges on either side of the walk.

We enjoyed the usual good Spanish luncheon, and then, with our eyes wide open and our grey matter in an all-absorbing condition, we made our way to the ash-heap, for that is the real meaning of Escorial. Philip II. built it and dedicated it to St. Lawrence, on whose day the battle of St. Quentin was fought, and in which Philip was supposed to have taken an active part, but it has been discovered that he was not there at the time of the fight. However, the Escorial was built and dedicated to St. Lawrence, and was also erected as a burial place for Philip's father, Charles V. The exterior presents the appearance of a prison, and is rectangular in shape. There are four towers at the angles, supposed to be the feet of the gridiron—the emblem of St. Lawrence. The guide books differ somewhat as to the dimensions, etc., but it is generally believed that there are 2,673 windows, 1,200 doors, 86 staircases, and 89 fountains, and the total length of the corridors is about 100 English miles.

I am going to hurry you through and over some of the less important things, and take you down to the Panteon or burial place of the Spanish kings and queens. It is constructed directly beneath the high altar in the church,

and when the priest elevates the host, he is standing exactly above the dead kings.

We descended a beautiful marble staircase, and found ourselves in the royal vault. Directly opposite the entrance was an altar, and above it hung a gilded bronze crucifix. The vault was octagonal in shape, and about 35 feet high. On the right of the altar were four rows of niches in which the kings of Spain are interred; to the left were similar niches for the queens. The coffins were black marble with the names inscribed in gilded letters. There were the bones of Charles V. and Philip II. and all the old kings on whom I had wasted the midnight oil. They seemed more real than ever before, and I quite warmed up to the historical, but it was a gruesome place and I was glad to leave it.

The palace was very fine, containing room after room of gorgeous tapestries and paintings. These rooms were mostly occupied by Charles V. We passed on through one long room called the Sala de las Batallas, adorned with frescoes representing different famous battles, St. Quentin, Lepanto and Pavia. Then we descended a narrow staircase which brought us to the apartments of Phillip II. He wanted "nothing more than a cell, in which he might bear his weary limbs to the grave" —and he got it. Dark, dreary, ill-furnished

rooms, no covering on the floors, and the walls decorated with the Seven Deadly Sins, it was the weirdest place imaginable. In a little dark room opening directly off the Capilla Mayor of the Church, Philip, in great agony, breathed his last. In a sort of ante-room, off the high Coro in the Church, hung a marble crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini. It was particularly fine, and I remember it well.

After doing all these, we were tired, and I am sure you are tired listening, so I will take you out in the sunshine, and toward home. But first let us go up on the hill, back of the Escorial, and see the sun set. It was an easy hill to climb on account of its barrenness, so we were well up before we knew it. The view was not as beautiful as it was vast and unbounded, but Apollo looked his handsomest as he majestically sank away in the far horizon.

Next morning we made an early start for Avila, and, as our diligence swayed and pitched around corners and over ditches, we, seated on the top, took our last look at the Escorial, while the natives ran to their doors and windows, exclaiming, I am sure, "those happy Americans."

THE WALLED CITY OF SPAIN.

Few tourists take the time, trouble or thought to visit this little, old Roman town

of Avila. True, it is out of the beaten track, but you see we had a historian in our party, whose ways often diverged from the beaten path, and we were all mighty glad to follow it.

If one could stand for a few minutes on the crest of a low cloud, and look down on Avila, I am sure that it would resemble a child's game of blocks, portraying a miniature city surrounded by walls and towers. Yes, this town is completely walled, and the most remarkable thing to me was that it looked as though it had been built in 1900 instead of so many hundreds of years ago. We spent just twenty-four hours there, and enjoyed all, in spite of the weather, which was particularly disagreeable.

Our hotel was directly opposite, and within a stone's throw of the Cathedral. Often, while pinning up my locks, I would study the façade, and also the clock. The exterior of the Cathedral was, to me, plain and unpretentious; but a singular thing concerning the structure made it very interesting, and that was that it included part of the city walls, and from one side presented the appearance of a fortress. That alone made it remarkable, don't you think so?

On either side of the main entrance was the figure of a wild man, carved in granite, and above were sculptured innumerable saints and

Ávila. Claustro Descubierto de Santo Tomás.

apostles. The leather flap was drawn aside, and we entered, not knowing just what to expect. A cathedral, shadowy to perfection, met my eye, and I was charmed with it. Standing just inside the entrance, the effect of the whole was one of dignity and impressiveness. The side aisles were low and dark, and the Coro, of course, stood in the center of the nave, which was short, but lofty. This church was the favorite of several in our party, but not mine. Perhaps I could not take it in.

A walk around and outside the walls followed our visit to the Cathedral, and we were caught in a rain, hail and snow storm. As usual, good nature prevailed among us, and we cheerfully picked up our skirts, hoisted our umbrellas, and plodded along, occasionally remarking on the smartness of the old Romans.

On our return to the hotel, an open fire in my room tempted me, and I yielded to its warmth and cosiness, but the others, undaunted by wet skirts, continued exploring. I drew an easy chair up in front of the fire, and thought over all I had seen, and of my bonnies across the ocean.

During the twenty-four hours we visited many smaller churches, all of which were both interesting and historical. The church of Santo Tomas, founded by the Catholic Kings in 1482, lay on the outskirts of

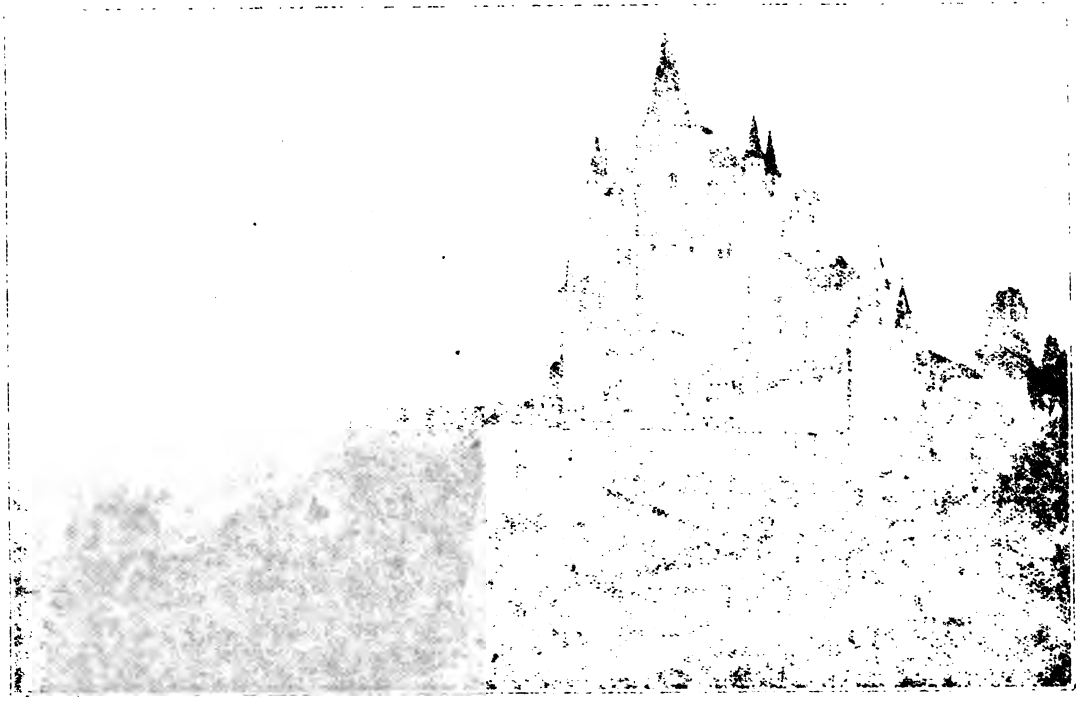
the town, and I remember walking down the little hill which led to it, and, looking back saw far off, silhouetted against the sky, two crosses—a wayside shrine. I thought at once of the famous picture—"The Return from Calvary." This church contains the magnificent monument of Prince John, the only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The artist was Fancelli, who fashioned the tombs of the "Catholic Kings" in Granada. For my part I cannot see why Prince John was not buried by the side of his parents, but—I must keep out of family spats. Torquemada is also buried here.

Driving through one of the old gates, of which there are nine, and which, together with the eighty-nine towers and walls, make Avila famous, we made our way to the station en route for Segovia.

SEGOVIA (Iceland.)

My recollections of Segovia are frozen, and they probably will not thaw for some time; so for real, solid information concerning this old Castilian town, you should consult a guide book and not draw your conclusions from me.

In the first place, it was very, very cold for that time of the year; and in the second place, all my warm clothes were peacefully reclining in "Gib," for I thought I was going to Sunny Spain, where thin waists would be quite the



Segovia Alcázar.

right thing. But now, if any one should ask me what was the coldest place in the whole world, I would answer "Segovia" before they finished the question.

I remember well the road up from the station, and my first view of the old Roman aqueduct under which we drove. I also remember our Señors walking behind our diligence, which was too crowded for all, and their disgust and indignation over the treatment of a poor donkey, which was made to pull a load he could hardly budge. At last we found a hotel and secured large and cold rooms. We were hungry and ordered dinner served as soon as possible.

The dining room was quaint, to say the least. Bare floors, a little stove in the center that would not burn, and a water faucet and wash bowl in one corner, where the old Castilians, with their rubber boots, plaid shawls thrown over their shoulders, and broad-brimmed hats, came after a hard day's work to wash up, before sitting down to the very same dinner we had before us.

Oh, how I longed for a stove that night!

The next morning I put on all I owned, (and more, too), and started with the others for the Cathedral. I really do not remember much about it, so naturally was not very favorably impressed. It was light and airy, un-

like most, or in fact any, of the large churches we had seen. I did not care for it at all. A cathedral, to be a cathedral, according to my idea, must be shadowy.

The aqueduct was wonderful. It is said to be one of the most marvelous bits of engineering done by the old Romans. It extends for 2,700 feet through the heart of the city, and still carries water. A peculiarity of this work is that not one bit of mortar was used in its construction. Each stone was cut so as to fit perfectly in its place, thus making a solid and substantial structure which will last for years to come. A very amusing story is told about it:

A Spanish beauty, being tired of her daily task of carrying water from a little stream to her home, was accosted one day by the Devil. He told her that he would build an aqueduct which would carry water straight to her home, thus freeing her of the irksome duty, but only on the condition that she would give him her soul. The girl thought it would be pretty fine, but told the Devil she did not believe he could do it, and went her way. She awoke next morning, and looking from her window saw, to her astonishment, the huge aqueduct. "Well, the old boy has won," she cried. But on examining it closely, she found one stone missing, so the girl got the aqueduct and the Devil got his due.

Our afternoon in Segovia was spent in driving over the old city and out to its walls. We visited the Alcázar and climbed to the top, as usual. It was very imposing, and looked to me just as I imagine a French Chateau to be like. All round towers, and turrets, and peaks rising straight up from the steep side of a rocky eminence. The view of the castle, from across the little stream which flows at its base, is really grand. Haig, the noted Swedish etcher, has depicted this very vista and it is worthy of the highest praise.

The interior of the Alcázar, although at one time handsomely furnished by Charles V. and Philip II., is now used only for the military archives, and there is very little of interest to be seen. During our drive we visited the church of Vera Cruz, a twelve-sided structure erected by the Templars in 1208, in imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was extremely interesting. After our drive, we came home and froze until bed time.

"Six o'clock"? I'm going to spend the remainder of the day in oblivion." This was the declaration made by all at breakfast on that cold morning when we started back to Madrid. We arrived about noon, and after luncheon Mrs. Hanson and I went to the shops, and bought some honey, which I, of course,

left behind. Then strolled in to the Prado and took a farewell look. Had an early dinner and left for Cordova on the 7. P. M. sleeper. Another spree!

Córdoba. La Mezquita.

CHAPTER X.

CORDOVA.

Six o'clock next morning found us rubbing our eyes and taking turns at yawning, as we drove from the station to any hotel that could accommodate us in that "Gem of the South," as our much-loved Longfellow calls Cordova.

Between the blinks and yawns, I caught glimpses of what seemed to me a very attractive Alameda. Tall palm trees grew on either side of us, and everything looked to me clean and tropical.

We were driven to the Hotel Suisse, where we secured very good rooms, and also glorious coffee and rolls. No chicory or hard-tack this time. As half-past six seemed a little early to be poking around the streets, we went to our rooms to rest.

DIARY.

Saturday, April 20, 7 A. M.

"I am sitting in an easy chair. The early morning sun is streaming in on me. My window is open wide, leading to a balcony, which overlooks a park, and overhangs a narrow street lined with little white houses."

Yes, I remember it all, and can almost feel that Andalusian sun, which seems different from our sun, some way or other; perhaps because of its brilliancy and warmth at that time of the year.

About eight o'clock we left the "Suisse" for a morning's tramp, inquiring first at the office for the direct way to the Mosque, and following instructions, soon saw the great tower loom up before us. At first glance it appeared to resemble the Giralda in Seville, being a square tower of about the same dimensions, whose bells were visibly suspended in graceful Moorish arches, like the former. Of the exterior, very little can be seen, and one cannot receive any idea of its immensity or grandeur until in the Patio de los Naranjor, (Court of Oranges), or more correctly, inside the Mosque itself. For, "The exterior, as in most oriental buildings, is a monstrous and almost unadorned mass of masonry of a fortress-like and forbidding character."

It was true, for I remember walking down a narrow, ill-paved calle, and passing what seemed to me a prison wall, when, to my astonishment, I saw one of our party disappear through a narrow, unpretentious doorway. I followed, and, lo and behold, I found myself in the Court of Oranges.

This looked as old as the hills themselves,

and the fountains, of which there were five, looked as though they had served their time, and should have dried up.

The orange and palm trees offered inviting nooks for the old priests to sit and chat between masses. It was "picture-squi" without a doubt.

We entered the Mosque through the main entrance, called the Puerta de las Palmas, which was directly opposite the Puerta del Perdón, through which we entered from the street. Thrill! Betty, thrill! I did, for there was the wonder, and I touched it with this very hand that is holding my pencil, thus making another dream come true.

It was wonderful, but I must confess I did not have the same feeling of awe and reverence that I experienced on entering the Cathedral of Seville. It did not seem at first like a place of worship to me, because all I could see were rows upon rows, and aisles upon aisles of pillars. We tiptoed around, examining the columns, of which there are nearly a thousand—all varied in style and material, some marble, some jasper and some alabaster. They were brought from the East, and from the West, from the ruins of Carthage, and from the old Roman temples of Southern France. A peculiar thing about these columns is this: no matter where you stand, you will always

see straight ahead of you a clear, unbroken aisle; turning in another direction, on the same spot, you see another.

"The lower arches are in horse-shoe form, the upper rows are supported by pillar-like imposts placed on the top of the columns." I am quoting my friend again, for I don't want to give you a wrong impression. The arches are painted red and white, in stripes about twelve inches wide, making the effect very unusual.

The Mihrâb, or Prayer-Niche, is very fine. It is a sort of chapel on the south side of the Mosque, facing Mecca. The decorations, equal to any of the Alhambra marvels, were worthy of long hours of study, but so many guide-books have been written on this Moorish wonder, describing in detail all its beauty, that I do not feel I should even attempt to tell you about it, for really from only one morning's visit, I could not take it in.

Oh, girls, I could sympathize with the Moors, for their work was superb, while the Christians, after wresting it from them, and with the consent of Charles V., who did not understand the situation, undertook to change the whole plan of the Mosque by building a renaissance choir, with its Capilla Mayor and Transept. Of course this meant destruction on all sides, and it was slashed away right and left, cutting down columns and tearing down arches, thus

destroying the harmonious proportions of that great house of worship.

After spending all the time we could allow, we went out into the sunshine again and walked over toward the Triunfo, a monument erected in honor of the Archangel Raphael—the tutelar saint of Cordova, and from there across the old Moorish bridge which spans the Guadalequiver, and connects the city with a little village to the south. I remember watching a shepherd with his flock of sheep slowly cross the bridge, and waiting until they were just in the right spot, I snapped them with my kodak, but this exposure turned out, like all the rest of my photographs, a blank.

The afternoon was a dream of beauty. We took a drive out in the country and up to a villa, which lay snugly on the side of a beautiful hill. It was pretty warm as we drove up the long sunny road, but the wild flowers attracted our attention, and we forgot "the disagreeables." Whole fields of red and yellow poppies stretched out on either side of us. I jumped out of the carriage and gathered some, thinking I would send them home to mother, but I don't believe they ever reached America.

We finally arrived at the entrance to the estate, and leaving the swell victorias (?) we proceeded on foot up through the most beautiful gardens you can imagine. Roses of every kind

and color grew luxuriantly over arbors and stone walls. "Every flower that blows" was in that garden, and we exhausted all our adjectives before we had reached the finest, for high up on a plateau stood the house—the summer home of some rich, old Baron.

Our eyes travelled over hill and dale, mountain and river, village and city, until they rested on something white and, to our amazement, we saw once more the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras around Granada; it was a wonderful panorama. The gardener presented all the ladies with bouquets, and we came away with smiles and flowers. Our ride home was very pleasant, for the sun was at our backs and the air was cool.

That evening, after writing some letters, we jumped into bed early, as we had had a long day, and had seen a great deal.

CHAPTER XI.

CORDOVA TO GIBRALTAR.

"The better the day, the better the deed" did not hold good in our case, for the 21st day of April, besides being Sunday, was one of the most perfect days we had had, and to move on to "Gib" seemed the worst deed we could possibly have done.

Before leaving the Hotel Suisse, I stepped out on my balcony and looked down for the last time on this old picture—the memory of which is fragrant with orange blossoms, and sacred with the tolling of the bells in the great prayer tower. The houses were dressed in spotless white; the streets were as clean as a whistle; the foliage looked greener than ever, and the fruit hung heavy on the branches. This was the simple life to perfection—nothing strenuous about Cordova. Life moves on just as it did centuries ago; the great bells in the Mosque called us to worship as they called St. Ferdinand; the donkeys trudge along year after year, patiently carrying their tremendous loads, and the women, their water jugs balanced on their heads, go to the old fountain in the Court of Oranges, gossip and carry home the water. I dare say

it will all look the same fifty years from now. But don't think for a minute Cordova never saw wealth and splendor. She was once considered one of the richest and most cultured cities in Europe, and bore the name of capital of the Caliphate of Cordova and metropolis of Spain—and—but they were waiting for me. Yes, we had to leave this relic of the past, and come back to the twentieth century, but we went with our store-houses full of memories which old Father Time will have hard work to destroy.

I locked my trunk and set sail down the marble staircase, and out into the street where the carriage was in waiting, for

> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do or die,
> Into the pokey old coach
> Climbed the four hundred.

Bumpty-bump, and rattlety-bang, over the stones toward the station. Passing a church and thinking, perhaps, there might be a tomb inside, Mr. Pennington cleared the wheels, and we—waited.

I remember distinctly the ride to Ronda. It was delightful. The windows were open all day, and as our little engine poked along, we read and studied the country. The prairie-like fields, with an occasional hay mound surmounted by a stork's nest, in which an old stork stood

on one leg and took a squint at us, were objects of much interest. We arrived in dear old Ronda about sunset, for I remember we hurried over to the Alameda to watch the cloud effect.

While in my room preparing for dinner, some one called me to come out in the street. I let my "twilight" go with a lick and a promise, and hurried out. Away in the distance and moving slowly towards us, was what proved to be a funeral procession. First came a lot of old men carrying large candles, (probably friends of the deceased, whom we found to to be a rich and influential old woman). Then came a great many choir boys carrying banners and chanting as they walked. Following them, were all the priests and bishops in their fine vestments. An empty hearse came next, and behind it walked six pall-bearers with the coffin. About every twenty feet they stopped, and placing the remains on the ground, rested. Following the coffin was all Ronda, apparently having the time of its life. As they disappeared we hurried in to dinner.

Next morning the Penningtons took an early train for "Gib." to secure rooms for us all, and we promised to join them at Old Mole in the early evening.

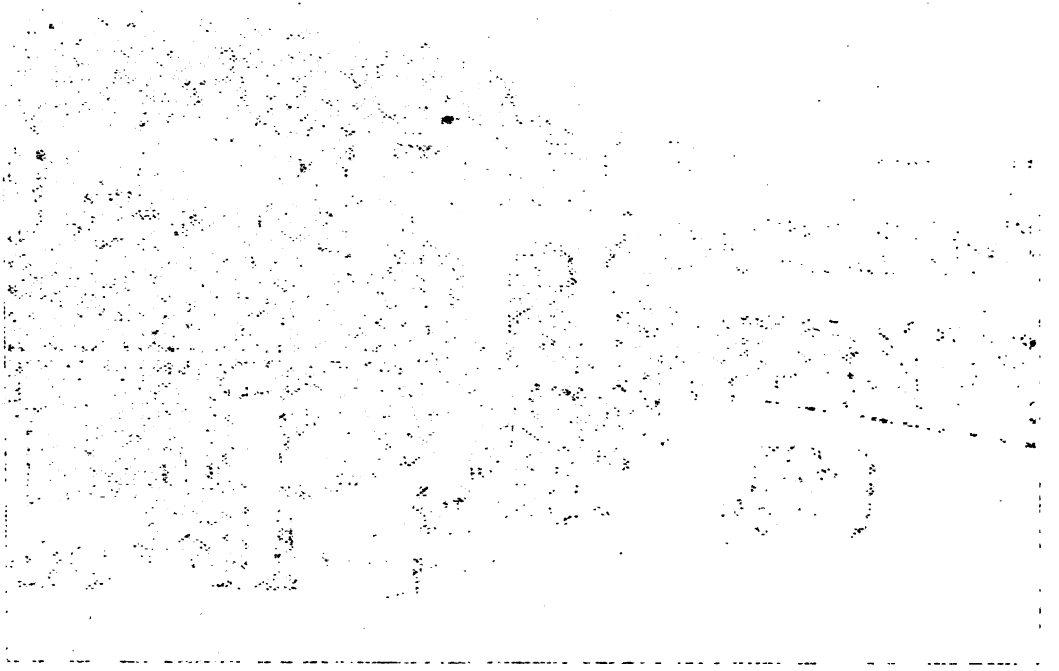
After our rolls and chicory, we started out for a walk. I had a donkey ride through the Alameda, and I want to tell you if a camel is

worse than that donkey to ride, then excuse me. I was so mixed up inside that I didn't know whether I was going or coming, and I fairly grinned all over when I jumped into the donkey man's arms, and it was over.

Our train left at two P. M., and we had a repetition of that glorious ride through the mountains and down to Algeciras. We saw the same good looking Spanish gentleman who shared our compartment coming up. He remembered Bossin and smiled pleasantly. The "Aline" was waiting for us at the dock, and we sat huddled together on deck while the "wind blew and the waves rose." It was very, very rough, and we said, "Tangiers will be out of the question this trip."

As we steamed up to the dock at Gibraltar, our fellow travellers were there to greet us with baskets of luscious strawberries and bouquets of flowers. They had secured rooms at the Grand, so we headed straight for them. Two home letters were waiting for me. Hurrah!

While at dinner, that ripping band struck up, and oh, girls, it almost came up to the Alhambra. I sent some postals and love home, and curled up for the night, wondering what the morrow would bring forth.



Gibraltar. The Market

CHAPTER XII.

FOUR DAYS OF BARGAINING.

It brought just what we expected—wind and waves, making Tangiers only a dream, so we settled down rather reluctantly to the four days in Gibraltar, which proved both enjoyable and expensive. During those days, we became very familiar with the fortressed city, and the Turks behind the counter, and I feel perfectly confident, that if ever again we set foot in that quaint old huddling town, we will be recognized at once, for we bargained and bartered like veritable Shylocks, and usually won out in the end too. It was lots of fun, and I thought I was doing beautifully, when all of a sudden I was sent home just because I said, "Good gracious, is that only a pound? Why, in New York we have to pay twenty dollars for the very same thing." Don't you think that was pretty hard, girls? I learned my lesson, however, and kept mum ever after.

The days passed quickly, and all were about the same. In the morning, Mr. Pennington would go down to the market, and buy strawberries for our breakfast. After breakfast, we

went to the post-office and bank, getting our letters from home and reducing our Letter of Credit. Then the rest of the morning in the shops. After lunch, we would sometimes walk to the Alameda, which overlooks the harbor, and there sit in some sunny nook, watching the huge warships anchored nearby. A cup of tea or an ice in some funny little shop usually topped off the afternoon's sport. That great trip up the rock and through the galleries, which I told you about in my third chapter, occupied one afternoon.

The days slipped by, and before we knew it, I received a cable from father, wishing us a good voyage home, to which I answered thusly: "Frostby, N. Y.—Anatomy—Accuminate —Amicable." (Telegram received, Everything and everybody well. Sail to-day.)

CHAPTER XIII.

WESTWARD HO!

Yes, the "Carpathia" steamed into the harbor while we were breakfasting on the 27th day of April, and I doubt very much, as she so quietly glided along, if she knew how many hearts she set bumping, both in Europe and America. But "Señorita," don't be too sure of the other shore.

We hurried out to meet our sea-companions. Away down Waterport Street, intermingled with the donkeys and Moors, Dr. and Mrs. Martin sauntered. Oh, weren't we glad to see them?

As there were only a few hours left for us in "Gib.," we proceeded immediately to show them the sights, and introduced them to our genial friends behind the counters, who also proceeded immediately to lure them into danger.

About noon the little tender lay at Old Mole, and after the giving up of keys and many farewell glances, we jumped in and were shot over the waves until we found ourselves bobbing up and down, like a little cork, beside a huge black mountain of iron and steel called the "Carpathia." Then the exciting, because unsteady, ladder climb, up to the promenade deck,

where our couriers left us and rushed into a state room argument. Our rooms had been engaged long before we left America, but the purser did not see things in quite our light. However, after a few words and a steadily rising inflection of voices, we unpacked our steamer rugs, sailor suits and Teddy Bears in our very own state-rooms.

All this time we were lying peacefully in the harbor, waiting for the hand of the big clock at the head of the staircase to point to the fifth hour, at which time we would weigh anchor, the engine would begin throbbing, and, perhaps, a few fellow passengers would seek their repose.

While at luncheon, the steward appeared in the saloon, calling, "Miss Delavan," "Miss Delavan." Once more, (please note the variety of occasions), I felt all prickly as I rose, and he walked towards me, holding in his hand a veritable bridal bouquet. As I took it from him, wondering who in this world was the donor, a card fluttered out, and what do you suppose it said? "Love from father." Puzzled and excited was no name for me. How could he send these flowers to me for they were continental without a doubt? Tiny, pale pink rosebuds, scattered through with a little fine feathery white flower, and hugging them all up

tight, was a ruffle of white lace paper. "When I reach home the problem will be solved," I said, and hurried out on deck, where, with my posies held tight in my arms, and the lion crouching behind me, I stood for my picture—which no one has ever seen.

Two bells—five o'clock! Up came the anchor; the old engine throbbed; the ship creaked and quivered as though anxious to meet the waves far out of sight; the water slowly trickled along its side, and "the steamer with its streamers carried dreamers off to sea."

"Farewell, Gibraltar; farewell, Sunny Spain; farewell, my castles. I love you all, but I'm going home. I may see you again some day, but until then you shall be my fireside thoughts, my twilight memories, and my midday dreams."

We watched the lion's head until it faded away, then the African shore rose to view, then the sea.

DIARY.

Sunday, April 28th.

"Very rough this morning. Strong head wind. The ship creaked all night. No one up but Mr. Hanson and I. A glorious day. Waves tremendous. No service. Steerage frightened; 2,000 in all. Twenty-five stowaways discovered after leaving

Italy. Taken off at Gibraltar. Pierrepont met Captain at dinner. Wind and sea slowly going down with the sun. Captain promises better night."

Thus our first Sunday was passed. I was out on deck all day, facing the wind, the waves and the bow. As I lay in my steamer chair, hearing the wind whistle through the rigging, and watching the nose of the ship first almost touch the sky, then dive down almost to the bottom, I realized for the first time what "high seas" really meant. Not a ship was sighted all day, nothing but sky and sea, and we, pushing ever on towards home. What a sense of loneliness and weakness and smallness, and what a feeling towards the Infinite comes to one at such a time.

Next morning "all was quiet on the Potomac," the sun was brilliant, and the blue sea was revelling in those glorious swells, which follow in the path of a storm.

Each day, as regards occupation, etc., was an exact reproduction of its predecessor, but the longer I was at sea the more I loved it, and the more I thoroughly enjoyed every little detail of ship life. The inspection by the Captain—the fire drills—the different bells—the change of watch—the rough and the smooth—the grey sky and the blue—the sunsets and, no I can't say the sunrise, for I never saw it at

sea. I'm sorry for that, but I have something to look forward to. That is about all I missed, I believe, for I remember when I said good-bye to our Captain, he said, "Well, I think you have been everywhere but up in the crow's nest."

FOG AT SEA, a new experience and one not to be forgotten. The soft Quaker blanket was silently thrown around us, and we grew quiet and anxious under its spell. The signal for half speed had been received and obeyed, and the fog-horn blew every minute. Finally we came to a stand still, and rolled lazily in the swell. The Captain and all his officers were on the bridge, straining their eyes for something they dreaded to see. We and our fellow-passengers tip-toed back and forth on the forward promenade, speaking only in whispers. The whistle never sounded so often or so imperatively, and the pauses were never so silent. Away off to the starboard came a faint response, then close on our port a shrill call, then we would cry out with all our strength—then silence. This dangerous conversation continued for several hours, and was most impressive.

You see how many are the dangers and delights of a sea trip, and how varied one's little life may be on the deep as well as

on the land. But the real, true excitement was in store for us. The first glimpses of land—AMERICA, HOME. The Alhambra was forgotten; Gibraltar seemed a dream; donkeys, Moors and chicory, things unreal; for now ahead of us loomed the Goddess, again mysteriously veiled, and back of her rose the weird outlines of the "sky-scrapers." And, soon, Pier 51 appeared, crowded with anxious, eager faces.

I spied some handkerchiefs waving in a fashion peculiar to the Delavan family, and I fairly jumped up and down. My comrades thought to themselves, no doubt, "Well, that girl has never been away from home alone before," and they thought just exactly right.

There was the usual excitement on the part of all in making farewells to the Captain, and our sea companions, then the rush to get down the gangway, and to one's family and friends. I waddled down, for, girls, I had gained fifteen pounds in Spain, and my face was a veritable full moon.

When I at last came within hugging distance, I must confess I shed many joyful tears, and would have kept right on except for the "customs man," who tapped me on the shoulder and asked what I had to declare. I wasn't quite sure, so I said "nothing." Open went my trunks and there lay Teddy ready to spring on

him, if he touched a thing. So down went the lid, and I breathed easier. Hurrah, for little Teddy! Then came the parting with our Philadelphia friends. Many farewells and promises to meet soon again; for oh, hadn't we had a happy time together and what good friends we had grown to be!

We separated in little family groups, talking, talking and asking questions. The home coming was one long to be remembered. My boudoir was a veritable bower of posies, and everything seemed new and sparkling. We spent a happy evening, my family and Peggy, and that night, when I was snugly tucked up in bed, I thought to myself: "Well, Betty, you are a lucky girl. You have had a glorious trip. You have seen your Castles in Spain. You have touched them. You have the best friends, the best chum, and the best father and mother one could wish for. Then I fell asleep, feeling like a princess whose every wish had been granted, and who was living in a fairyland substantial and real.

MAR 4 - 1954